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Events of the Week.

THERE is ground for the hope that the stay of Mr. Krassin and his colleagues in London will result in an arrangement for trade with Russia, and possibly in something more far-reaching. While the actual business details are left to Mr. Wise and the Supreme Economic Council, Mr. Lloyd George, with Lord Curzon, Mr. Bonar Law, Sir Robert Horne, and Mr. Harmsworth have formally met Mr. Krassin and defied the raving Northcliffe Press by "shaking that bloody hand." As the Russians are arranging to rent an office and a flat, one assumes that there is now no risk of a collapse in the negotiations. The opposition seems to be driven back on its last line of defence. It no longer contends for the maintenance of the blockade, nor does it oppose the imports of grain, timber, and flax. That plainly would be a disastrously unpopular line of argument. It argues, however, that we ought not to touch Russian gold, because the French creditors of the old Tsarist régime have a prior claim to it. Well, if a claim is to be pressed against Russia for these debts, manifestly the grain ought also to be laid under contribution. In that case, however, we should get none of it. Freedom to export gold is vital to Russia, because she must buy locomotives and other machinery before she can begin to send out goods on any large scale. The conditions under which the delegation is obliged to work are fair neither to it nor to the British public. It is expected to adhere so rigidly and literally to the pledge of "no propaganda," that it is avoiding all risk of offence by meeting only business men, and declining contact with the Press.

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A WELL-INFORMED correspondent writes us on the actual progress of the negotiations as follows:—

"The situation created by the George-Krassin conversations is developing. The Soviet delegate has cabled to his Government for authority to give assur-

ances as to the release of British prisoners in Moscow and abstention from hostile acts in Persia. Meanwhile, the formal discussions with the Supreme Economic Council hang fire. That has no significance in itself, though it may mean that Italy, which has no use for diplomatic finesse and punctilio in the settlement of a perfectly straightforward question, may proceed on her own account to open trade with Russia, as she has been impatient to do ever since the San Remo decisions. But it is not likely that she will be left to act without Great Britain, whatever line France may take in the matter. Lloyd George appears to have settled down at last to a clear and rational policy. He is understood to take the view that trade must begin, and that as a condition of its resumption the Bolsheviks must come off what is regarded as our ground in Persia, we must observe scrupulous neutrality (now that the mischief is done) in regard to the Polish campaign, and the Soviet Government must pledge itself to countenance no propaganda on the part of its trade agents. Since all those conditions can be easily satisfied, there is every prospect that an exchange of goods will soon be in progress. Gold, despite what the "Times" describes as the "disgust and indignation" of France, will probably be used as a pledge against credit. But what this country wants from Russia is not gold but goods, and little of the actual metal is likely to come to London."

* * *

A LONG article in the "Times" warns the country that the tension in all our relations with France is threatening the alliance itself. Certainly the feeling in France against us and our Government is bitter, and even the more discreet newspapers, like the "Temps," no longer make the least attempt to conceal their annoyance and suspicion. There seem to be three main sources of it, the indemnity question, the Turkish question, and Russia. For ourselves we have no defence for the Prime Minister's policy in any of these matters. But French policy is many times more vindictive and predatory, with the utter ruin of Germany and the restoration of Russian autocracy as its manifest goals. We cannot work with such a policy, save by adopting abroad a line of militarism, violence, and greed which even the Tory half of our Coalition would find repugnant. While the Alliance is maintained, the League of Nations remains in the shadow, and cannot even begin to function. Nothing is gained by pretending that of all the peoples of Europe the French are those with whom we most naturally work. The sooner the Alliance lapses and with it the Supreme Council, the better for us and for Europe. But every month of delay damages the prospects of any genuine League of Nations.

* * *

As the date of the Spa Conference—June 21st—approaches, the hollowness of the Hythe decisions becomes more and more evident. In point of fact no substantial decision was taken, as M. Millerand and Mr. Bonar Law have gradually admitted in their respective Parliaments. The experts who were to examine the possibilities of the situation, in place of the Reparation Commissioners, have as yet made no report,

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DETROIT.

and it is therefore still open to French politicians to talk fantastic nonsense about exacting an indemnity of £6,000,000,000. It is quite certain that no responsible statesmen in this country (so far as there are any) cherishes any illusions on that point. We are going into the Spa Conference to get what we can, and in the full knowledge that we shall get very little. The Dominions are the chief embarrassment. It was largely for their benefit that the gross breach of faith involved in the inclusion of pensions and separation allowances under the head of reparations was committed, and they are now standing out for their pound of flesh. Canada has produced a preposterous statement of account, and it was the importunities of Mr. Hughes that inspired Mr. Lloyd George to his eloquent disquisition at Hythe on the claims of shed blood as against those of burnt factories. But the vital decision, that there shall be an honest and reasonable discussion with the Germans at Spa, still stands, despite the protests of Poincaré and Pertinax.

* * *

THE smouldering quarrel between Tchechs and Poles over Teschen, the district of Austrian Silesia in dispute between them, is on the point of breaking out again. A year ago they were actually at war in this district, fighting across trench lines, with fairly heavy casualties. The Allies imposed a *plébiscite*, very properly, but the Commission has had a hard task and seems to enjoy no respect from either side. The fact is, we believe, that the population is not only mixed, but in part indeterminate, speaking a dialect which represents a transition between these two very similar Slav languages. As to which side is the more violent in its controversial methods, we have no opinion: honors, we suspect, are fairly even. The Poles, however, it is who are now threatening a renewal of war, and the Diet has voted to break off diplomatic relations. The Tchechs, on the other hand, have appealed to the League of Nations. On this showing, the latter are plainly the more civilized party to the dispute, and the Poles are living up to their own high standard, as the most bellicose and quarrelsome nation in Europe. We shall await the answer of the League of Nations with curiosity. It stands before a pretty dilemma. If it is allowed to mediate between Poles and Tchechs, how will the Government defend the refusal to let it mediate between Poles and Russians? If it again stands aside, it will be plain that it is never likely to begin its work for peace.

* * *

THE military sequel to the Turkish Treaty is beginning even before it is signed. The tame Government, which we set up in Constantinople, after trying to fight the Nationalist Army in Asia with a scratch levy of hired brigands, has now made a truce; even it will not fight for our Treaty. In Western Thrace, the French force of occupation has withdrawn, and the Bulgarian inhabitants are fleeing into Bulgaria. In Eastern Thrace it is probable that the Greek occupation will be opposed, both by the Turks (who are now mobilizing) and by the Bulgarians. Even if the struggle is conducted by guerilla tactics, it will suffice to prevent the Greeks from enjoying the fruits of occupation. There is, meanwhile, no improvement in the internal condition of Greece itself. M. Venizelos has again imposed martial law, as an answer, so he puts it, to the violence of the Opposition. The Opposition happens to be struggling against a régime originally imposed by the

naval and military forces of the Allies, which has since maintained itself only by suspending the essential articles of the Constitution, and carrying out a wholesale proscription, which has struck down most of the leading men in politics, journalism, the Army, and the Church. M. Venizelos spares none of his political opponents, for his victims include M. Skouloudis, and the members of his Government, all of them former Prime Ministers.

* * *

WHILE the Government are preparing a great army for the reconquest of Ireland, one of their friends in Parliament was showing them an easier path to the job. Captain Eliot, one of the two or three thinkers in this gramophone House, told it that no further use of force in Ireland was possible. "Spanish Nationalism destroyed Napoleon; take care that Irish Nationalism does not destroy the British Empire," was his argument. Therefore the only course left was to treat Ireland as a Dominion, and assume her equal right with Canada or Australia to maintain an army and a navy of her own. He would divide the right to maintain force between the two Parliaments and leave them to settle its disposition together. This, as Captain Coote, another adventurer in thought, admitted was taking risks. But at least it is risk for an almost certain gain, as compared with coercion, which is reinvestment in a certain loss.

* * *

It is unlikely that the Bolshevik raid on the Persian Caspian port of Enzeli will have further military consequences. The Reds have got Denikin's ships, which was what they wanted. But the diplomatic consequences are interesting. The Foreign Office has announced that it is under no obligation to protect Persia. That involves a very literal rendering of a Treaty which, to all the world, seemed to place Persia in much the position of Egypt before the war. We are to give advice—exclusively. We are to appoint officers and organize armed forces. We are also, so runs the Treaty, to supply munitions of such kind and in such quantity as Persia may need for her defence. All this reads like "protection." Are we, then, to give advice, get concessions, control troops, and enjoy the profits of a monopoly in munitions and loans, without any obligation on our side? Persia, or rather the Persian Minister in Paris, noting this declaration, has applied to the League. Will it protect Persia? We do not anticipate a helpful reply. Nothing in our recent policy has so stirred foreign opinion against us as our action in laying hands on Persia without reference to the League. In the French and American Press it is one of those standing jibes which the printer keeps in type. We should do well now to regularize the position. If we are not going to protect Persia, there is no case for maintaining the Treaty.

* * *

COLONEL REID writes us insisting that General Dyer has *not* been dismissed even from the Indian, still less from the British, Army. The matter is one of the first consequence, and is by no means clear. The text of Mr. Montagu's despatch declares that the Commander-in-Chief has "directed" General Dyer to resign his appointment as Brigade Commander, and "informed" him that he would receive "no further employment in India," and that the Indian Government has "concurred." It would seem, therefore, that General Dyer has not technically been dismissed from the Indian Army, but that he remains on its unemployment list, and will not be appointed to any command. His future,

therefore, is still undecided. If the Army Council decide to reduce his pension or retire him without pension, he is entitled to demand a Court-Martial. Meanwhile, a powerful effort is being made to restore him to the credit which the Secretary of State (and also the Indian Government) declare him to have forfeited; and this movement will undoubtedly create a situation of the utmost gravity in India.

* * *

MEANWHILE, the country must not forget that the ultimate judgment on the Punjab Government depends not merely on the evidence of the accused officials, on which the findings of the Hunter Committee are mainly based, but on the far greater mass of native testimony collected from hundreds of witnesses by the Sub-Committee of the Indian National Congress, and extending to over 900 pages of closely printed matter. All that can now be said on this inquiry is, that if a tenth part of what the witnesses allege be true, the Government of the Punjab is a plague-spot of the Empire, which only a drastic and general purge can clear. Some allowance must be made for the fears of a small force of Europeans, faced by angry crowds and isolated in a strange land. But there is no excuse for the cruelties that followed when all danger had disappeared. Civilians come out no better than the military, and the police worst of all. It can hardly be doubted that the firing on the crowd by the Amritsar Bridge—the spark that lit the flame—was an act of panic; for among other follies the soldiers fired on the leaders, who, with the knowledge of our officials, were urging the people to retire. But the ensuing reign of vengeance revealed worse things than panic. Attempts to extract confessions or the names of supposed conspirators by threats, beatings, and tortures, horrible or obscene, imprisonment under handcuffs in tiny, stinking dens or cages, denial of water, arrests without trial and releases without inquiry—these are the stories repeated on hundreds of lips.

* * *

TAKE this tale as an example:—

The statement of Har Kaur, Wife of Beli Ram (widow), Gura Bazar, Kucha Bhalaria, Amritsar.

"On April 10th, at about 11 a.m., my son, Guram Ditta, left his home for the railway station. He was to go to Mekherian in the Hoshiarpore District to see some relation. When he was passing near the railway bridge, he was hit by a bullet in both the legs. He was brought to his shop where he used to weave and prepare gold lace (gota). I called Dr. Ishar Dass who treated him for about five days. Bua Ditta, constable, who lived in our lane, came to see my son and inquired of him why his legs were bandaged. On getting the information, he went out and returned shortly after with some more constables who thrashed my son soundly and took him to the police station. He was then sent to the hospital where he remained for about fifteen days and was afterwards removed to Kotwali and was kept for twenty-two days. He was then produced before Mr. Puckle who convicted him, and sentenced him to two years' rigorous imprisonment. He was kept in the Amritsar Jail for five days. As he was too weak to do any hard labor, he was badly beaten by Jamadar Buta Singh. I was informed of this by Bishan Das who was himself an eye-witness. He was then removed to Montgomery Jail from where I got wire that my son died. On receipt of this news, my widowed daughter, who depended on him for her maintenance, went out to the Golden Temple and committed suicide by drowning herself in the tank. My son was the only bread-winner of my large family. Since his death, we have been reduced to utter poverty."

* * *

WE append a statement concerning Colonel Smith, the Surgeon at the Civil Hospital, made by his sub-assistant, Dr. Bal Mukund, hoping to see a denial or

a disproof, for we can hardly credit the suggestion that this gentleman refused to treat the Indian wounded:—

" . . . Colonel Smith accused me of going to the Jallianwala Bagh meeting. I denied this. *Then he said that he knew that I had been treating the wounded in the city, and that I wanted him also to treat them.* He said that we should go to Satyapal and Kitchlew for treatment. He further said: 'Now I order you to go to the Railway Hospital, and remain present there night and day till further orders. If you are absent even for five minutes from there, you will be tied to a tree in the Ram Bagh, and flogged with other badmashis of the city.' I asked what my duties were, but he simply said that that was his order. On my asking him what arrangements I could make for my food at the hospital, he said: 'I don't care, go and remain there and die there; I have not got a cook for you.'

So far as we can judge, no charge was made against Dr. Bal Mukund, for after a month's service, night and day, in the railway hospital, he was allowed to go to the city as usual.

* * *

IN view of the formal protests from the American Government over our oil policy, the evidently well-informed article from Paris in the "Westminster Gazette" deserves attention. It uncovers a good deal of economic secret diplomacy. We all remember the clause in the German Peace Treaty imposed on Roumania, which gave to Germany a monopoly over Roumanian resources. It excited much indignation, but it served the Allies for a model. Apparently France and Britain are to share Roumanian oil in equal parts. In Mesopotamia, the difficulty, as we had pointed out, was that by the Secret Treaties, Mosul, the centre of the oil-field, had been assigned to the French zone. We, however, were able to plead the existence of a pre-war Turkish concession, obtained by the British Government from the Porte, covering the whole Mesopotamian field. (This, by the way, is a valuable item for the history of our pre-war diplomacy.) The revelation here of the incapacity of the Foreign Office is startling. In giving Mosul to France, it must have forgotten all about the oil and this previous concession. Mr. Lloyd George contrived, at San Remo, to extricate himself from the muddle. France resigned her territorial claim to Mosul, in return for the surrender by us to her of a quarter of its yield in oil.

* * *

FRANCE agrees, further, to grant the use of her Syrian ports for the exportation of this oil by a pipe line. We need not repeat our frequent comments on the morality of these proceedings. The strategical implications, however, are novel and important. If the oil of Mosul is to reach the sea by a pipe line terminating in a Syrian port (Alexandretta?), it is obvious that unless France can hold the line of the Taurus securely, the oil may be of little use to us or to her. This field means immense military commitments for both of us. We should like to see a calculation of what the oil would cost per gallon if it had to pay for the British garrison in Mesopotamia and the French garrisons in Cilicia and Syria. But, of course, Imperial commerce never works out in that way. The British and French taxpayers will pay for the troops. The trusts will pocket the profits on their oil, and no one will dream of suggesting that the garrison is as much a force in their employ as the coolies will be who work at the wells. Old-fashioned people shake their heads in puzzlement when Socialists talk about the capitalistic side of diplomacy and armaments. Here is a clear case for analysis. The State bears the costs of conquest, police, and administration. The trusts reap the profits.

Politics and Affairs.

A REVOLUTION FROM WITHIN.

A REVOLUTION is in progress from which we may expect important results. Anybody can see that under the present régime the House of Commons is losing authority and importance. That famous institution shows as yet few signs of recovering from the war, and it is scarcely more effective for purposes of criticism than it was when the supreme national danger overshadowed its mechanical functions. As a legislative body it had long ago been merged in the growing power of the Executive, but its right of criticism of the Administration remained, and under happier auspices it might have continued to play a governing part in the national life. At present it is quite unable to discharge this elementary duty. For any sign of the reaction of the nation to the actions of its Government you look to the House of Commons in vain.

But those reactions must take effect somewhere, and what is happening is that the representation of the fears and wishes of the people is passing from the House of Commons to other bodies. The dockers who refused to load munitions for the Polish War have won their battle, and they have won just because they reflected the thought of the nation. Not one man or woman in twenty wants to see war and destruction continue, but this great preponderating majority found no effective voice in the House of Commons. The dockers gave it a voice. The Government were so conscious of the power behind that voice, so fully alive to the truth that they were the representatives of a minority, that they resorted to every kind of prevarication to disguise their conduct and to make it appear as if they agreed with the majority. So with the deliberations that have been occupying the mind of the Triple Alliance on the subject of munitions for Ireland. When the Lord Chancellor talks of war and conscription for the conquest of Ireland, he speaks for one man in a hundred. The House of Commons ought to represent the other ninety-nine. But it allows the preparations for this war to be pursued with as little criticism as if the country agreed with the Lord Chancellor. Consequently, the popular concern and indignation break out in other places, and the workmen, finding the House of Commons useless, resort to methods of protest more inconvenient to themselves and to the nation as a whole. Direct action, which is apt to defeat its own end as a method for securing legislation, assumes a new and formidable character when it is employed as a means of restraining a Government from plunging into unpopular war. We may be quite sure that Mr. Lloyd George, when his opportunist mind is calculating the risks of this or that course, thinks a good deal about the risk of trouble with the trade unions, and never about the risk of trouble with the House of Commons. Finally, the position in which it is becoming the usual thing for men to be elected on a minority vote weakens the representative authority of the House of Commons, and makes the unreality of its proceedings still more apparent.

But this is only one aspect of the revolution that is unqualified good. A newer feature still is the loss of constructive initiative from the Government to other bodies. In this development there are very hopeful signs. Ten years ago it looked as if the tendency for the Central Government to absorb all real power and authority was growing rapidly and inevitably. To-day it has been arrested. A Government with such control over Parlia-

ment as no previous Government has enjoyed has proved itself utterly destitute of creative ideas. If we look at Ireland, we see that the Government has merely taken somebody else's scheme and asked Sir Edward Carson to make such modifications as he dares. In education its policy has been too timid and pedestrian to excite the slightest enthusiasm. Or take the mining problem. The Miners' Federation produce a scheme a good part of which commands itself to the acute and dispassionate judgment of Mr. Justice Sankey. What scheme has the Government? But the capital illustration of all is housing. Has any Government ever collapsed so ingloriously before an urgent task?

If all that had happened had been that the Government had shown itself incapable of reconstruction, there would be no reason for rejoicing in the humiliating spectacle. But the failure of the Government has been followed by a welcome revival of initiative outside the official world. Houses were urgently needed, and the Government were quite unable to supply them. In this emergency local authorities have had to look to themselves and to the trade unions. In a number of places houses are being supplied by direct building, and in one town where trade unionism was practically unknown ten years ago a middle-class Borough Council are working harmoniously with the trade unions, having been converted to this arrangement by the sheer impossibility of obtaining houses by any other method. But, of course, the most important development is the creation of Guilds, first in Manchester and now in London, which bid fair to revolutionize the building industry, and to convert it into a form of organized public service on democratic lines. So far from deserving any share of the credit, the Government actually hindered this interesting development. The "Manchester Guardian" pointed out last Monday that the Ministry of Health had held up the Manchester scheme for six months because it insisted on demanding a definite contract for each house, as if a set of bureaucrats who have done nothing to help the country out of this difficulty should have the right to impose their ridiculous red tape on a community of a million people. The London scheme which was launched last week has the support of the London building trade unions. It will be governed by a Guild Committee, consisting of delegates from the various trade unions in the industry and from associations or groups of technical and administrative workers. The Guild will undertake private as well as public building. It will be able to help the Guilds that are springing up in the Home Counties at High Wycombe and Luton and elsewhere by purchasing materials for them.

What new ideas are associated with this scheme? The motive of profit disappears, for all surplus earnings will be used for the improvement of the service, and the members of the Guild have an assured position, like members of the Civil Service. That position is thus described in the prospectus of "The Guild of Builders (London), Ltd.":

"The labor of Guildmen will no longer be regarded as a commodity like bricks or timber, to be purchased or not, as required. As soon as it can be arranged, the Guildman will be on the strength for life. He will draw Guild pay in sickness or accident, in bad weather or in good, at work or in reserve. The minimum Guild pay will always be the full standard rate as fixed for the industry as a whole, but there is no doubt that the Guild will be able to increase the purchasing power of its members' pay by the scientific organization of production."

Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Asquith both see no alternative to bureaucracy except "private enterprise," and their specific has been tried for the housing difficulty

with the results that are familiar to us all. We are now to see experiments based on a different analysis of human nature. They will be watched with deep interest by all who realize to what a plight mankind has been brought by the play of those motives which seemed to the old economists, and still seem to our rulers, the only available springs of human energy.

These schemes are valuable in themselves, and also because they open a prospect of a devolution which is much more promising than the creation of subordinate Parliaments. The way to control and humanize the monster State which is the great obstacle to freedom is not to reduplicate Parliament, but to give greater power to local authorities and to encourage local initiative. The complete collapse of the Central Government before a plain and urgent task has been followed by the awakening of local consciousness and the readiness on the part of local authorities to try new departures. An industry in which chaos and complexity were conspicuous has taken steps to organize itself as a public service, and as it happens this industry is at the moment the most prominent in the public eye. To those who are looking with interest and sympathy to the new ideas of democratic thinkers about the functional organization of society, both these developments have a special significance. And it is possible that the rearrangement and redistribution of function and initiative will result in the restoration to the House of Commons of the power of criticizing and checking the Executive.

WHICH POLICY—WAR OR TRADE?

In the interminable see-saw of our Russian policy, it is possible to say this week that one end of the plank has come to rest upon the ground. The envoy of the Soviet Republic has had a talk with the Prime Minister, flanked by four of his colleagues, and we must conclude that negotiations for trade have been seriously begun. In one sense the goal of peace is more distant than it was when the Prinkipo proposal was made, a year and a-half ago. There is no immediate prospect of a political settlement. There is no talk of any pressure to bring Poland to a less bellicose mind. Nor is France any less willing than she was then to forward a sincere policy of peace. But Prinkipo, after all, was a mere suggestion, lightly made and promptly dropped. We are, in fact, nearer to peace, because these proposals for trade do evidently represent a seemingly settled purpose.

The argument of economic need has worked with increasing force in the interval. The shortage of food and raw materials is no less oppressive, and the prospect is even darker. America is diminishing her output. Her production of corn may this year be only three-fourths of what it was last year, and her exportable surplus will nearly disappear. If we are still able to buy corn, it will be at a ruinous competitive price. We shall survive, though prices, rising yet higher, will have the inevitable effect on wages. But Italy and Central Europe cannot face an aggravated scarcity, and famine will be more clearly than ever the condition of these densely peopled regions. It is plainly an urgent necessity that we should trade with Russia, and bring her grain, timber, flax, hides, butter, and eggs into the world's general stock of commodities.

If anything is clearer than that we ought to trade with Russia, it is that we should allow the rest of Europe to trade. We have hitherto found it totally impossible to follow the thinking of the Foreign Office in the matter

of the blockade. When Mr. Harmsworth denies that there is a blockade, he is instantly contradicted by Sir Robert Horne. The concrete facts are, we take it, that no export licences are granted here, while our mine-fields and the Anglo-French fleet in the Baltic and the British naval control of the Bosphorus, effectively prevent any other nation from trading. If the negotiations with Mr. Krassin result, as they doubtless will, in the issue of licences to export and import from and to our own ports, it ought to follow (though he would be rash who would predict it) that every obstacle must be removed which our naval power can interpose to prevent other peoples from trading with Russia. If we need Russian grain, Central Europe is in much more urgent need.

When once the will to permit trade with Russia exists, there arise some serious questions as to the scale on which it can be carried on. Russia may need everything, but her ability to pay is severely limited. What she most urgently needs is really capital in the shape of machinery, first of all locomotives, then motor ploughs, and lastly industrial plant. These are things which she never made herself, and always was accustomed to buy from Britain, Germany, or America. It might be tempting, for example, to buy boots, of which her whole population is in severe need. But she has the leather and she has the labor: the Soviet Government would prefer to buy boot-making machinery. Locomotives again are a costly import. Yet without them it is doubtful whether much of the available grain can be brought to the ports. Russia needs them for her own use more desperately than any other commodity—to transport the coal of the Donetz, and the oil of Baku, and to carry Southern and Siberian grain, not merely to the coast for export, but to her own cities for consumption. Her case is, at present, we take it, that though there are stores of flax and hides ready for immediate export from Petrograd and Archangel, they would not come near to covering the cost of the things which she needs in maximum quantity at once, above all the locomotives. The machinery will gradually bring with it the prospect of exporting more grain. When boots can be offered in the Soviet shops, for example, the peasant will readily exchange his crops against them. But the machinery is the prime necessity, which precedes all other transactions. That, we take it, is the reason why the Soviet Government offers to export its gold reserve, and lays so much stress on its acceptance, and that also is why the Northcliffe papers, following as usual the lead of Paris, conjure us not to stain our hands with this tainted gold.

The real objection to accepting this gold in exchange for machinery is not, of course, that it is unclean. It is that the French bondholders want it for themselves. It would cover some part of the interest on the debt which was already in arrears long before the Revolution. It is easy to build up a legal argument which would give the creditors of the Russian State a prior claim to every piece of this currency. But the same logic would impound every ton of merchandise which Russia can possibly export for years or decades to come. The grain, the hides, the flax, and the timber, are as much or as little the property of the Russian Government as is this gold. If the gold can be impounded to meet prior debts, so also can the exports in kind.

The results of pressing such a claim are obvious enough. Nothing whatever would be exported from Russia. The Soviet Government will part with its assets, be they in specie or in goods, only in return for the things which it needs. It will not set to work to export

for the mere pleasure of filling the coffers of French bondholders. There have, indeed, been hints and even offers from Moscow, to the effect that it is ready to come to some arrangement about the debt, probably by setting off against it concessions to work mines and exploit timber. But it will not grant this accommodation without a *quid pro quo*. What it chiefly needs is peace. When France is ready to call off the Poles and to desist from such adventures in the future, it is probable that she may recover some part of her investments. In the meantime, whatever the law may have to say about it the only course that commends itself to common-sense, is to trade from a new start, without regard to these old debts. The world needs this Russian grain, and if we must wait till the financiers are satisfied, the hungry masses will have to go unfed. There is no case for distinguishing between the gold and the grain. France wants the one and we the other. She has taken her own method of obtaining it, by unleashing the Poles. It is no part of our duty to help her—on the contrary, it is our duty to hinder her—until she learns to behave consistently with the welfare of mankind.

We may, we think, predict a fortunate issue for these trading negotiations. Mr. Lloyd George has staked his personal credit upon them, and has even drawn dazzling pictures, which are probably exaggerated, of the quantities of grain available for export. A failure at this stage would be damaging to what remains of his prestige. Our own anxiety is rather lest this rational policy of exchange and commercial recognition may be wholly frustrated by Mr. Churchill, Marshal Foch, and the Poles. The broad fact about the present state of Russia is, we take it, that it can organize efficiently for a limited purpose on a considerable scale. It manages to munition and equip the Red Army. Tried by that test it does better than the Tsardom. If it could make guns, aeroplanes, explosives, and uniforms for an army of one (some say two) million men, and provide the transport they require, on fronts that faced Siberia, the Arctic Sea, the Caucasus, and Poland, it ought, in time, and after learning from its more disastrous mistakes, to organize anything in reason, in spite of the blockade. What it cannot do is to organize everything at once. It cannot run the war machine and the peace machine both at full speed. No one can do that. In Russia, given the blockade and the dilapidation, a more or less exclusive choice presents itself. If you have to feed the Army, you will have to starve the cities. If you must make munitions, you cannot make spades and ploughs. If your railways must carry war material, they cannot carry grain. That was the case throughout 1919. The choice was made. The White armies were smashed, but civil life very nearly went to ruin. The case this year may be better. There is some oil and coal available. There is much corn-land securely under the red flag. The war, moreover, is now (apart from the Crimean complication) only on one front, though that front measures five or six hundred miles. It is, however, an exacting front, for the Poles, with French leaders and a passionate national spirit, are much more formidable than ever were Denikin and Koltchak. If this war is allowed to go on throughout the summer, if Mr. Churchill is permitted to continue the supply of munitions to Warsaw and the Crimea, if Mr. Walter Long is further indulged in the practice of bombarding Black Sea ports, then the fruits of Mr. Krassin's visit, even if it results in a good commercial agreement, will be meagre and may even be negligible. Russia, in her dilapidated state, with her transport gone almost to ruin, and her people not yet

inured to hard work, is still capable of production for war or for peace. But not for both.

Public opinion, we believe, is sharply aware of the incongruity between the policy of trade and the policy of the Polish war. It will test Mr. Lloyd George's sincerity by his willingness to check the Poles. How far he could do it single-handed we do not know. If Paris still said "war," while London for the first time said peace, it is possible that the Poles would obey Paris. The experiment has not yet been tried. But it is absurd to suppose that M. Millerand, immersed in financial negotiations with us, in which the whole immediate future of France turns upon our readiness to grant coal or credit, and to underwrite loans for restoration, would persist in counteracting our Russian policy if it were honest and single-minded. We shall believe, and the French and the Poles will believe, that Mr. George is bent on peace, when he dismisses the head fanatic of war from his Cabinet.

A CAMPAIGN OF CONFUSION.

It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the Presidential contest, which opens formally this week, offers a more chaotic view of personal and political issues than any campaign of the past half-century. To the customary confusion in domestic affairs there is added the unprecedented issue of the European Treaty. A straight vote on America's relation to the Treaty would destroy both parties. The Republicans, meeting in Chicago, have many active aspirants to the Presidential nomination, but no national leader. The Democrats, who are to assemble at San Francisco later in the month, have an eminent national chieftain, who is a complete embarrassment to them, and not a single lesser leader with a personal following. The Republicans are convinced that the next President will be of their tabernacle; but their most expert members can make no secure guess as to his identity. They appear, indeed, to be as much at sea as their predecessors were in 1880, when Garfield won his unexpected victory, or as the Democrats in 1896, when the apparition of William Jennings Bryan threw the bosses and the party Press off the rails. The opportunity, at Chicago, for a politician of genius is undeniable. But genius in the Republican party of to-day is not to be thought of. The occasion rather calls for a man of affairs, able to measure his task.

The practical choice before the Republicans is limited. Mr. Herbert Hoover has the barest chance of obtaining the nomination; but it could only come to him if the rank and file should sweep aside the party magnates with their miserable bargaining, and insist upon crowning the one member of the party whose name is known to the civilized world. Were Mr. Hoover nominated by the Republicans, he would, beyond the shadow of a doubt, be the next President of the United States. But his selection would be a miracle. If, then, we assume this, the more or less simple alternatives are: (1) That the delegates will, in the orthodox fashion, allow themselves to be mastered by what in America is called "the invisible government"—the half-dozen men of mysterious authority who wield the money power and control the votes of delegates in favor of the reactionary machine; or (2) that the influences operating in the Further West, in antagonism to the financial and industrial interests of Chicago and Pittsburg and the Atlantic cities, may secure the nomination for a Western Progressive—he would not be a

Liberal in the European sense of the term. It need not be inferred that, if the choice falls upon a conservative candidate, or a downright reactionary, he must for that reason please the masters of the machine. General Leonard Wood, for example, satisfies the conservatives and jingoes of New York and New England. But the bosses do not approve of him. By them he is reckoned too much of a romantic, too Rooseveltian; it may be too much of an individual; "the style they like is the humdrum." The expectation accordingly is that the "invisible government"—Senator Penrose, Mr. Murray Crane, and the rest—will make it their first business in the Convention to eliminate, not only Mr. Hiram Johnson, who is a terror to their clan, but also General Wood, for all his backing among the "best people" of the Eastern cities. The hidden powers may fail; or they may beat one of the favorites and find themselves saddled with the other; or again, the Convention may prove to be so intractable that the differences between East and West, South and Centre, may reveal themselves as no longer amenable to the Republican compromise. Anything, in fact, is possible to-day. By all the signs, the two parties ought to be preparing together for death and resurrection; but they are not.

It would not be easy to say whether General Wood is more remote from the Republicans of California and the Dakotas than Senator Johnson is from the Old Guard of Massachusetts and Pennsylvania. Mr. Johnson is easier to envisage as the next tenant of the White House; but neither candidate is measurable either by the Wilson or by the Roosevelt standard. The same applies to Mr. Frank Lowden, the Governor of Illinois. He represents the business interests of the Middle West. Governor Allen, of Kansas, again counts as a simple obscurantist, while Governor Coolidge, of Massachusetts, would never have been mentioned in connection with the Presidency but for his hour of importance when the Boston police came out on strike last September.

Meanwhile, in certain States the primaries have yielded surprising results. In nearly all such cases the voting has been fatal both to the militarists and to the Treaty of Versailles. Senator La Follette, for example, snowed under for two years in Wisconsin, because of his unorthodox attitude to the war, triumphs in his State. It is not improbable that Victor Berger, condemned to twenty years' imprisonment for sedition and twice expelled from Congress by reason of his sentence, may be elected Governor of Wisconsin. Such votes as these need to be considered in relation to the remarkable position held in the Republican Convention by Mr. Hiram Johnson, whose hundred or more pledged delegates will form the nucleus of a powerful party, taking the extreme position against the Treaty and the Covenant. By custom the candidates absent themselves from the nominating Conventions. Mr. Johnson meditates a departure from that self-denying ordinance. His intervention in person would be something more than an individual adventure. It would precipitate a revelation as to the strength of the following commanded by himself and the other Irreconcilables. Mr. Johnson wants that; Mr. Knox wants it. But it would be as undesirable to General Wood as to the official party chiefs.

Since, in presence of the Republican muddle, even the experts confess themselves baffled, an English journal need not feel obliged to proffer a definite reading of the signs. It may, however, be noted that in the last stage before the Convention Mr. Johnson has made a further

gain at the expense of his principal opponent. A senatorial investigating committee has published its findings in regard to the campaign funds. The report is peculiarly damaging to General Wood. His supporters have already spent 1½ million dollars, one half-million having been contributed by the maker of a much-advertized soap. Governor Lowden, of Illinois, stands second on the list of spendthrifts, while Johnson and Hoover share the credit of spending the smallest sums. There is obvious virtue in a senatorial committee, rightly directed; and a public always sensitive to evidences of the money power in elections may draw a sharp practical conclusion from this most useful disclosure. No amount of money could turn General Wood into a statesman. But a million dollars is at least an art-form, capable of unexpected uses in public enlightenment.

HOW TO DOUBLE THE WAR DEBT.

THERE are two ways of fixing an indemnity. One is to write down the figure which you would like to receive. The other is to measure what the enemy can and ought to pay. It is, we suppose, by the former method that M. Millerand arrived at the sum of 6,000 millions sterling which he has pledged himself to the Chamber to extort from Germany.

If one tries to examine what Germany might possibly pay, there are several methods. One may assess her at the annual surplus of her exports over her imports. One may take the annual sum by which her capital wealth augments. Either method at present would give a negative result, and to guess what she might export, if she could first get a loan for restoration, is wildly speculative.

Let us begin by looking at her present financial case. She has imposed almost every conceivable form of direct taxation, a war-wealth levy, a general capital levy, income tax and death duties, all of them heavy and very steeply graded. Imperial taxation yields nearly five times the pre-war figure. Omitting State and local taxation, it probably eats up half the national income.

Before the war the total national income of the German Empire was officially reckoned at 43 milliard marks (2,150 millions sterling). For the year 1918-19, when the new income-tax and capital levy were studied, the national income (taxable, and untaxed, with a margin for concealment) was officially reckoned at 48 milliard marks. That is of course a much lower figure in reality, given the value of the mark. It may this year be higher still in nominal figures, for the mark has continued to fall. It can hardly, however, exceed 60 milliards.

At present the Finance Minister estimates for a revenue of 28 milliard marks, or possibly about half the national income. But he has to face a deficit in round figures of 50 milliards, which he can cover only by printing notes and issuing short term obligations. In other words, taxation and deficit together exceed any possible estimate of the total national income.

Where, then, does the indemnity fit it—even a moderate indemnity? As we pointed out last week, a capital sum of six thousands millions sterling, would mean, if compound interest is charged, a yearly sum from Germany of 18 milliards gold marks, or if no interest is charged, of 4 milliards (gold). To equate this with paper marks, one must multiply by ten.

The sum then works out somewhat thus: in a year the German nation earns from (say) 50 to 60 milliards. It pays 28 to the tax collector. It adds 50 to its floating debt. It must pay 40, or (if the French have their way) 180 milliards to the Allies. Take the highest possible figure for income and the lowest for indemnity, and the result is still a fantastic minus quantity, and nothing remains on which to nourish life.

Starting from such present-day figures, on what basis can the Allies conceivably gamble on the chance that in two years, even with the aid of a loan, Germany will or can pay anything near the figure demanded, or even anything at all?

These figures are as well known to the French as to ourselves. What then is their expectation?

They will first of all escape the obligation of repaying their debts to us, for these debts are to be repaid only *pari passu* with the indemnity.

Secondly, if the impossible indemnity remains unpaid, they can call on us for military aid in occupying still larger portions of Germany.

Finally a loan is to be raised on the security of the

indemnity, of which France will at once receive the major portion. Since no one would subscribe to a loan based on German security, the loan will be underwritten by Great Britain.

Clearly the result will then be that, when Germany fails to meet this impossible charge, we shall be liable for the interest.

In plain words *THE EFFECT OF THE WHOLE TRANSACTION WILL BE TO DOUBLE OUR OWN WAR-DEBT* by adding the German indemnity to it.

Instead of "making the Germans pay" we shall have added their debt to ours.

There is a dangerous method in the apparent madness of French policy.

THE GERMAN ELECTIONS.

BY THEODOR WOLFF.

BEFORE coming to an end the National Assembly passed a new electoral law, according to which the elections for the first Republican Reichstag will take place on June 6th. The most important paragraph of this law is that every 60,000 voters, male and female, can send a candidate to the Reichstag. If in an electoral district the Democratic or Socialist list gets 200,000 votes, three Democratic or Socialist members are sent to Parliament. The remaining 20,000 votes are united with the votes left over in a neighboring electoral district, and if this addition comes to another 60,000 votes, the Democratic or Socialist voters of the two united districts are entitled to another member. All the smaller remainders are credited to each party for its "imperial list." If there remain only 70,000 votes, or if 70,000 votes are given in the two united districts, these 70,000 and also the 10,000 votes that cannot be utilized will not be lost for the party. For besides the ordinary list of candidates each party puts up for the different districts a list called the "imperial list," and a candidate of this list is elected for every 60,000 votes out of the general remainder of votes for the party. Thus hardly any vote gets lost, and even the smallest minorities get their representatives. This electoral law seems to be very practical and just. The result is that the number of members of the new Reichstag depends on the intensity of electoral interest, and that the Parliament will be very numerous if nearly all voters give their votes, and very small if many voters stay at home and show no interest in the election.

On January 19th, 1918, at the election for the National Assembly, the interest was immense. The breakdown of the imperial military power and the revolution had passionately excited the people. Everybody wanted to take part in politics. It was for the first time that women and persons twenty years old were allowed to give their votes. The new constitution did not yet exist, and everybody voted for or against republic, for or against monarchy. A number of the new parties had not yet existed before, or had been reformed. This change increased the interest of the contest. Nearly 90 per cent. of the persons entitled to vote took part in the election. They were waiting in long rows, often for hours, before the polling-places in order to enjoy their civic rights.

The interest will not be so great at the new elections. Up to the present day it seemed that it would be very little. Many members of nearly every party are in ill humor and are disillusioned. Friends of the past do not believe in the restoration of their ideals, and adherents of the new order have not seen their hopes realized. But the nearer we approach the electoral day, the more do those who do not feel any enthusiasm attach themselves to a platform. There is no electoral fever, but the temperature is rising.

For the three parties of the Coalition which formed or assisted the present Government in this confused and miserable time, the situation is, of course, very difficult. These parties are not only responsible for the mistakes which were really committed by the Govern-

ment, but an opposition, that stands comfortably aside, also makes them responsible for all the sufferings caused by the old Imperial Government. The Conservative parties, the German nationalist and the German popular party, threw Germany down the precipice by their thoughtless, provoking politics, but they now boast of their virtues, and make long speeches in which they accuse the Coalition of a failure to pull Germany away from the precipice. The Independent Socialists and Communists stop commercial reconstruction by their continual strikes and their overcharges of salary, and by their anti-democratic agitation. They force the Government of the democratic state to take military precautions, and then they sneer at the breakdown of the civil society, and accuse the Government of complicity with militarism. It cannot be denied that the different Coalition Governments were poor in intellectual resources, and that no man of genius has illuminated the governmental sky. The Governments have found no way out of the commercial chaos; they are satisfied with keeping their ship above water from day to day. They did not put any original personality in a leading post, and the Socialists especially, who claimed too many posts in the central power and in the different States, set many mediocre persons in important places. These three Coalition parties were also forced to make concessions to each other in order to remain together, and this robbed them of much of their attractive force and discredited them in the eyes of many adherents. But we see other countries which were victorious, and are not alternately menaced by the violent fragments of a dissolved army and a revolutionary mass; which have no foreign troops on their soil and are not pressed to earth by an unparalleled treaty of peace; which are not weakened by long hunger and mental distraction—and yet cannot escape their commercial difficulties.

It is generally believed that the Socialists will lose a great number of seats to the Independent Socialists. They had 163 seats in the National Assembly, and the Independent Socialists had 22. The Socialists will be well satisfied if they get off with a loss of about 40 seats. The Kapp insurrection in no way helped them, for it drove masses farther to the Radical side. Like all governmental parties they are forced to rely on soldiers, and although they do now much to clean the Reichswehr of reactionary elements and to change it gradually into a reliable, constitutional body, the mistrust of the working people cannot be removed, and the hate against militarism falls upon those who still want officers and soldiers.

The German Democratic Party would have gained a splendid electoral victory, if the elections had taken place instantly after the breakdown of the Kapp insurrection. Then, after the events of March 13th, even the citizens were irritated at the military criminals who had thrown Germany once more into chaos, and nobody would have been inclined or have dared to take the side of the Conservative parties. Since that time much has happened. The Trade Unions extended the

general strike which was approved by the whole Coalition, and they turned it to their advantage by new demands; the revolt in the Ruhr district gave new life to the Bolshevikistic terror, and the demands of the workmen and officials have grown faster than the prices of victuals. At this moment we see a great depression in numerous industries. The public which sees the rising value of the mark and the sudden fall of prices in the leather and textile industry, expects a reduction of the prices of many articles of commerce, and does not go shopping; and the anxious manufacturers and men of business are in a bad humor, and do not favor the Government. We often hear that the Democratic Party allows the Socialists to do as they like. As we do not travel so comfortably as before, but worse, as postage and telephone get dearer and dearer, and as thefts are increasing every day, the Democrats are blamed for their indulgence towards the Socialists, and are held responsible for the consequences.

The greatest danger for the Democratic Party is, perhaps, the women. The suffrage for women makes a situation already difficult more confused. Whereas the English women sent only one member to the House of Commons, each German party has put numerous women at the head of its list for the National Assembly. Nevertheless, many women are not satisfied, as they feel they are being shut out in some spheres by the competition of men. More than the men, the women are influenced by the rising prices of food, the demands of the servants, and are easily persuaded to draw political morals from these disagreeable things. The women of the working class are organized and full of political interest, the Roman Catholic women obey their priests and the orders of the Central Party, the women of the reactionary classes are driven by hate and especially by anti-Semitism; but the women of the democratic parties are often less resolute and not so eager to fight. Nevertheless, leaders of the Democratic Party think a total defeat improbable. From some districts and especially where the Democratic Peasant League is well established it has favorable news. The Central Party, where the oppositions between the aristocratic and the industrial wing on one side, and the Left group that depends upon the trade unions, on the other, have become very sharp, will lose some seats. Therefore the Coalition is sure to enter the Reichstag in reduced numbers, but as it disposed in the National Assembly of 326 seats out of 421, it will probably keep enough seats to govern as before.

The more extreme of the two Conservative parties, the German Nationalist Party, seemed to be nearing a great electoral victory before the Kapp insurrection, and it looked like being totally beaten after it. But it has recovered, and it pursues a great anti-Semitic and demagogic agitation. Many of its better members, e.g., Count Posadowsky and the former Secretary of State, Dellbrück, retired from the party, as they were repelled by this agitation, and they are not candidates. Others like Mr. von Kardorff and Mr. von Dewitz went over to the Moderate Conservative Party, the German popular party. This latter hopes to gain a great victory. It is the party of capitalism, of the great manufacturers and the banks, and has enormous sums of money at its disposal, whereas the electoral cash-box of the democracy is somewhat empty. Stinnes, the great manufacturer and merchant of the Rhine, went over to the German popular party, and spends part of his vast riches in purchasing and founding papers, in order to influence public opinion. From the Left wing some democrats went over to the Popular Party, but these are unknown persons and former members, e.g., Wiener to whom the German Democratic Party refused a mandate since its foundation. There are in the Popular Party some very talented men, but one of the leaders is Mr. Stresemann, the pan-German imperialistic trumpeter in war, who seemed disposed during the Kapp insurrection to join the prætorians, and who would also join the Socialists. Most of these men only want to gain power, and they will join anybody, Right or Left, who helps them to get it. A point which

distinguishes this electoral contest is the fact that even the extreme wing of the Conservative parties either do not speak at all or speak very little of the re-establishment of the monarchy. They know that the idea is very unlikely to be realized, and is very unpopular with the masses. So they hide the monarchical idea in a shrine and keep it as a relic.

The Coalition will probably emerge strong enough to live and to govern. But many dangers menace it. The first comes from the street, from a new communistic revolt or a reactionist conspiracy. The former is possible if the result of the elections is not a pure government of the working class. A new reactionist insurrection is thought improbable by nearly all the leading politicians. But there are in our country too many former officers without occupation and sufficient income, who rage against the republic and especially against Jews, who plan adventures and form plots and maintain that the bold attempt of Kapp and Lüttwitz only failed because all well-known democrats, Jews and Socialists, were not instantly shot. These perils of the street, which might be greatly diminished by improving the social situation, will perhaps be increased by difficulties of other kinds. If the Socialists lose too many seats to the Independent Socialists, they may get nervous, and fearing that the masses will totally turn from them, may leave the Coalition. The Right wing of the Central Party wishes to enlarge the Coalition by admitting the German Popular Party which would willingly accept the offer. This desire of the Central Party will, of course, be uttered in a louder voice after a reduction in the number of the Coalition votes.

As the Socialists and also most of the Democrats will probably refuse an alliance with the Popular Party, the Coalition may come to an end. What would happen then, nobody knows. It is improbable that the Conservative parties and the Central party will get a majority in the Reichstag. A majority that is able to govern can only be formed, if we are not mistaken, on a Coalitionist basis. Therefore, even when the Coalition seems finished and dead, it will always be raised up again. Indeed, what we have to fear is, not the death and the burial of the Coalition, but the spasms and convulsions that intervene between death and life.

A London Diary.

LONDON, FRIDAY.

THE press judgments on the Hunter Report are a more illuminating revelation of the doctrine and instinct behind the practice of British Imperialism than anything published since the Denshawai papers, or possibly than the great conflict on Eyre's conduct in Jamaica. The division is fundamentally racial. One or two of the minor Anglo-Indian papers accept the censure of Dyer as just; and so does the "Times of India," the powerful Bombay daily which raised a storm in Anglo-India by saying that it knew of no European in the country who approved the Amritsar massacre. For the rest, the papers which represent the white garrison come out for Dyer. The question, then, for Parliament and the British people becomes this—If even Jallianwala and the crawling order are not accepted by Europeans in India as a crucial test of the limits of legitimate frightfulness, can any limit be set? Among important English journals, only one that I have seen stated the simple principle of might and right. The "Daily Telegraph," in its leading article on the report, repeated the assertion (always openly repudiated by Lord Curzon) that British rule in India rests upon force, and force alone.

That is the question. If the "Telegraph" is right, it is hypocrisy to visit on Dyer the blame for doing his master's job rather more thoroughly than our squeamish opinion approves.

THE Cabinet seem to have come to something like an arrangement to treat Mr. Krassin as a kind of plenipotentiary, for they have given him all the rights of an Ambassador, including a cypher, except the right to have sealed packages conveyed to him from Russia. And they are also said to be fairly united on the question of peace and the opening of trade. Even Lord Curzon has come in, with reservations as to the Bolshevik power to trade effectively and as to their good faith. What Mr. Churchill is doing in this provisional Eden, whether he has nominally come in to it, or prowls round it in the guise of a disaffected Peri, I don't know; but so long as he remains in the Cabinet, no one can believe that it will last. The Foreign Office has probably been less guilty than he, for it seems to have known nothing of the dispatch of munitions to Poland. But it is just this no-relationship of the Departments—while policy is being pulled this way or that by some perverse or intriguing Minister, and when the truth peeps out for a moment from the treacherous soil, is impartially lied about by all of them—that makes up the wanton scene over which Mr. George presides. How shall it end? How can some measure of order, decency, consistency of word and act, be struck out of the confusion and turpitude of such a rule, and a force be developed to stop the Churchills from laying Europe on the block and slitting her throat? That is the problem.

MEANTIME, I sympathize with the editor of the "Times." Bad enough to see Krassin's bloody hand firm gripped in Mr. Lloyd George's immaculate palm (to say nothing of Lord Curzon's) and to have to "feature" the vile contact on a front page of his newspaper. But what more than feminine spite can Fate have against Mr. Steed that she should add the supernumerary insult of Mr. Herbert Samuel's appointment as High Commissioner for Palestine? Perhaps the lady had here a delicate back-stroke of kindness (feminine again) for her victim. For the prophet of ill enjoys nothing more than to see the evil he has foretold come true. This horrible appointment is so clearly an early nest-egg of the wisdom of "Nilus," or let us say, a first flash from the descending sword of the "Elders of Sion," that I am only surprised to miss a corroborative column from "Reader of Daniel," "666," or "One Who Believes in Prophecy." Possibly Mr. Steed is only holding the deluge back.

MR. GARDINER, returned from Germany, gives an account of the situation there which I hope those who have begun to realize its unexampled miseries and perils will follow as he presently expounds it in the "Daily News." His story is practically that Germany lies crushed beneath three monstrous loads: the indemnities, the cost of the Army of Occupation (the cost of an American soldier, for example, is assessed at more than the pay of a German judge), and the French endeavor (never intermitted) to destroy and disintegrate her State life. The French policy now takes the form of an attempt to induce Bavaria to leave the Empire, under promise that in that event she shall have all the coal from the Ruhr that she wants. Mr. Gardiner found the nation

living on about three-quarter rations of wretched food, and the prey of the profiteer to a degree unknown in these favored lands. The American organizations were doing wonders all over Central Europe where their incessant labors of love prevail. In Austria they were keeping about 400,000 children alive; in Czechoslovakia about a quarter of a million; so that on the lips of uncounted sufferers the name of an American had become almost an attribute of sainthood. And among our officials and soldiers the sense of the ruin that the Treaty and the action of the French had caused was acute and almost universal, so that a release from the fatal tie of this alliance, and the policy of wholesale starvation which it involved, would be received with joy in every quarter of Europe where its fatal consequences were most deeply realized.

THOMAS HARDY's eightieth birthday finds him securely fixed in his right place as the greatest literary figure of our time, perhaps of all our English times since Shakespeare. Certain it is that the divine comedy of English life, first revealed in Chaucer and then seen in Shakespeare's plays, reappears, with the changes of the centuries upon it, in Hardy's novels and poems, and in those memories remains stamped on our consciousness. It does indeed live under a darkened sky, the canopy of our later thought, until, maybe, it is touched again with freshening light. But if the terrific shadow of natural-spiritual forces is there, and Hardy's faithful genius lends it a brooding and awful significance, he has declared the sweetness of mere living, the delights of the human company of rural England, as beautifully and nobly as any of his forbears. Yet we know little more of the man who wrought these marvels than we know of Shakespeare. Probably the one being was as simple and silent, as modestly withdrawn from the curious eye, as the other. Therefore it is good to feel that Hardy's self-built home near Dorchester is a place of pilgrimage for many worshipping thoughts to-day.

I PROTEST. Mr. Chesterton's pursuit of me amounts to a persecution. He insists that because I do not love the Poles as much as I ought to do, or as I love the Irish, I am as bad a Tory as the late Lord Salisbury, and sentences me for the rest of my natural life to solitary confinement with the Cecils. Really my quarrel with the Poles is reducible to the single fact that while I urged the restoration of their liberties (coupled with the tolerably certain prevision of their subsequent misuse of them) I would rather they let the liberties of Russia alone. I should have thought that attitude came near enough to a famous definition of freedom. Mr. Chesterton says that I "practically" defend the Prussian partition of Poland. Neither "practically" nor theoretically did I do anything of the kind. I quoted Lord Salisbury as saying (with truth) that it was copied from a previous Polish partition of Russia. With much more truth I might charge Mr. Chesterton with caring for Irish patriots because he has a special love for Roman Catholics, and defending Polish Jingoes (including those who fought for "Prussia" in the war) for much the same reason.

I SAW the Guitrys in Monsieur Sacha's play "Mon Père avait raison," and admired with the rest of the world the perfect art of Lucien. When this delightful actor comes upon the stage, the sense of acting is lost and the whole apparatus of stage and players simply

fades away. The play is a string of amiable cynicisms—the talk of a *circle*, with the great Lucien as head gossip—and its atmosphere of Paris is foreign to anything even London has been able to assimilate since the Restoration. Shut your eyes indeed and figure the Merry Monarch in the Royal Box in place of our own estimable King, and you might for a few moments imagine that you were back in the time of Congreve. But it is really different. "Mon Père avait raison" is not a wicked and witty assault on marriage; it is merely a French holiday from it, and you are given to understand that (with an occasional rest-cure in Venice) the Bellanger family will be pillars of the institution for many a generation of *boulevardiers* to come. The play is nothing; but Lucien Guirly is a school of art in himself.

IT is a pleasant comment upon the popular conception of a Parliamentary sense of duty that the Plumage Bill has failed at the Committee stage, simply because a quorum of Standing Committee C. could not be formed to discuss it. Everybody knows about the Plumage Bill, and a special appeal was sent to every member of the Committee to be present two days before the Bill was to be taken. Yet a quorum could not be formed out of more than sixty members. This is how the people's paid servants treat them.

I HAVE this note from Peking:—

"Politically things here are a little brighter than they were. The so-called struggle between North and South, which is at bottom nothing more than a struggle for power between two groups of militarists, still goes on: but the country is sick of it, and before very long we may see the commercial classes (whose usual indifference has been quickened into a real concern for the future), encouraged by the creation of a nucleus of public opinion by returned students, refusing supplies to both groups of militarists, and thus paralyzing the machinery of administration, so that the real representatives of the people may come into power. Hsu Shih-chang would still retain the Presidency, for he is distinctly Liberal, according to his lights, and students and merchants, in fact all the population apart from the reactionaries, trust him. While he cannot openly support the students, they know he is with them at heart."

HOLIDAY MOODS:—

An Old Shepherd let in the wolf to his fold, and having seen him mangle and devour his lambs, called on the rest of the flock to follow him. But some took to the open fields, and others to the mountains, and others, again, ran down steep places and were slain. None ever followed the Old Shepherd again.

In the land of the one-eyed the blind is king.

We guard the fence at the gap where the fox last broke through.

Youth, tossing a caressing hand to Melancholy, knows her not for what she is, the secret and terrible mistress of Manhood.

Habit and environment create a continually thickening crust of sentiments and opinions, which only the incessantly exploring mind can break up.

"In China," remarked an Oriental on Wednesday afternoon, "it has long been known that when two horses start to run from one place to another, one usually comes in before the other."

A WAYFARER.

Life and Letters.

IS PROGRESS POSSIBLE?

In a work of admirable erudition, reviewed in our columns a fortnight ago, Professor Bury showed how recent and how shallow-rooted is the conception of Progress which has pervaded the ordinary processes of modern thought and conduct. Now comes Dean Inge, the most conscientious flagellant of the follies of his age, and in his Romanes lecture almost gives the *coup de grâce* to the whole notion of the reality, or indeed the possibility, of progress. A moment when the whole of our world, material and moral, is strewn with the wreckage of its civilization, is unusually opportune for such scepticism. It is, indeed, difficult anywhere to find a level-headed man or woman willing to submit to the derision of waving any of the banners of the old ideals—liberty, democracy, humanity, progress. What, after all, is progress other than the squirrel chasing his own tail up the tree Igdrasil?

Dean Inge sets about his destructive task with an almost holy glee. Of the large philosophic conception he makes short work. For there is a general agreement among modern metaphysicians that progress is an unmeaning term, as applied to the whole universe. The macrocosm is just as perfect, or imperfect, at one time as at another. But when Dean Inge insists upon the doctrine of a series of cycles in which history repeats itself in endless recurrence, declaring that "no other view of the macrocosm is even tenable," he surely goes too far. It is arguable that the infinite divisibility of the material, or spiritual, stuff of which the universe consists, permits or involves such an infinitude of permutations and combinations as would occupy eternity to compass.

But this metaphysical discussion does not, after all, touch the heart of the matter—the possibility of progress for that small but self-important section of the whole which calls itself humanity. To our fathers, nay, to our own generation in the Western world, the progress of humanity appeared self-evident. We were wiser, better, richer, even bigger and longer lived than our ancestors, and lived in a better world, better known, better governed, and continually passing more completely under our control. Long before the scientific doctrine of evolution had got its vogue, the rise of man to perfectibility had won a wide intellectual assent. When, therefore, Herbert Spencer came with his plausible statement that "the law of all progress is the same, the evolution of the simple into the complex by successive differentiations," the Victorian swallowed it with avidity. Never, surely, was such credulity.

"As a universal law of nature," says Dean Inge, "it is ludicrously untrue. Some species have survived by becoming more complex. Others, like the whole tribe of parasites, by becoming more simple. On the whole, perhaps," the Dean cheerfully observes, "the parasites have had the best of it—the living dreadnoughts of the Saurian age have left us their bones, but no progeny. But the microbes, one of which had the honor of killing Alexander the Great at the age of thirty-two, and so changing the whole course of history, survive and flourish."

But, coming more closely down to man, what grounds have we for any good conceit of ourselves? "There has been no physical progress in our species for many thousands of years. The Cro-Magnon race, which lived perhaps twenty thousand years ago, was at least

equal to any modern people in size and strength." The men of the Old Stone Age had brains as large as ours, and nobody would contend that the Athenians or Romans were not at least our equals in intellect. Until quite lately when these unpalatable truths were pressed upon our notice, we were apt to fall back upon the claim to moral improvement. We might not be stronger or more intelligent, but at any rate we were more truthful, juster, and more humane than the men of old. But personal morals are so largely a matter of temptation and opportunity. A white man in a white environment conformed to a certain decent standard of humane behavior, told more truth than lies, and "in the absence of passion and self-interest was not indisposed to do justice." But put him in contact with lower or colored peoples, on the Congo, in Putumayo, or even in the negro belt of America, or in a disturbed city of India, and what becomes of his moral equipment? If any illusion remained about the transmissibility of acquired morals, the Great War has surely dispelled it. Its observers have to admit that the cruelty, malignity, vainglory superstitiousness, credulity, and mendacity of primitive, savage man were found unimpaired in "the human nature" of all sorts and conditions of men. The record of the war is everywhere strewn with barbarities that would have done credit to the warriors of Genghis Khan, many of them perpetrated in cold blood by the policy of statesmen.

Anthropology, fortified by psychology, has heavily impaired the case for the physical, intellectual, and moral improvement of the individual man. How could we expect that a few centuries of civilization would alter in any perceptible degree the material and spiritual equipment slowly accumulated during countless aeons of organic evolution? The most specious case for human progress rests upon two claims, both of which the Dean subjects to a hostile criticism. The first is that of natural and social selection as an instrument of human improvement. If the physically feeble, the foolish, and the vicious members of a nation were prone to die out, failing to propagate their kind, there would seem to be a reasonable guarantee for a rise in the standard of mankind. In some clumsy fashion this selection used to operate. But the sentimentality of modern civilization, Dean Inge argues, has stopped and even reversed this process.

"No selection in favor of superior types is now going on; on the contrary, civilization tends now, as always, to an *Ausrottung der Besten*—a weeding-out of the best, and the new practice of subsidizing the unsuccessful by taxes extorted from the industrious is cacogenics erected into a principle."

Now it seems to us that here the Dean begins to lose his logical footing. It is true that modern society uses some of its resources in keeping alive some of its members who, left to their individual efforts, would die out and leave no offspring. It is even true that the most successful classes in modern Western nations refuse to reproduce their kind, and that the less successful are assisted towards reproduction. But does the Dean hold so high an opinion of our economic and social system as to maintain that, left to itself, it brings "the best" to the top? Not at all. Some of his most trenchant criticism is applied to expose its deep defects—its devastating industrialism, its contempt for nature, its enslavement of the rest of animal creation, its lack of any sane standard of values. But in so defective a civilization, why should the successful be identified with "the best," or the social support given to "the unsuccessful" be denounced as cacogenic? Many of his readers who accept the view that the individual man is born to-day with his full freight of original sin, pin their faith in

progress upon the gradual and considerable improvements of the material and moral environment, the growing control of man over nature, and the arts of human association by which man's conflict with his fellows is displaced by mutual aid and the enlargement of the area of goodwill. But to the Dean the success of our typical nineteenth-century civilization is as deplorable as its recent breakdown. This being so, may not the failure to succeed in so bad an environment be a testimonial of virtue, and the sentimental support given to the unsuccessful in so base a struggle, redound in the long run to the advantage of the race? Perhaps even the taxation of the deserving rich for the benefit of the undeserving poor may not turn out so badly, when we apply a more rigorous standard to the meaning of deserts.

For in the last resort the Dean hedges in his scepticism. We might even now, it seems, do something in the line of progress. "What we need is a fixed and absolute standard of values, that we may know what we want to get and where we want to go." But, as the Dean does not here bid us have recourse to any supernatural information for this standard, we are, after all, thrown back on the faith of an idealism which inheres in the urge of life itself, and drives us in search of states that are more desirable than those in which we live, to associate ourselves more consciously in common efforts with our fellow men for the pursuit of a human good, which takes larger shapes, longer ranges, and higher qualities. The war, indeed, has dealt a staggering blow, not only at our conception of the sanity and goodness of individual man, but at the stability and value of social institutions. But in throwing us back upon the inherent qualities of human nature, it need not drive us to despair of progress. For, in dispelling the self-complacency which we carried from the nineteenth century into this, and in forcing us to a drastic revision of the whole fabric of our civilization, it may win for us a safer path of progress, to be followed at a pace better accommodated to the difficult processes of rational selection and improved environment.

MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

RETIREMENT OF A GREAT SOLDIER.

THE smoke-room of the Howitzer Club, where General Chutney Flush-Phiz was famous among famous men, will know him no more. He was true to the type of a soldier and a gentleman, the kind which has made this country envied by the world. While the Howitzer Club lasts it will bear the deep marks of the influence of that strong-jawed man who earned his fame in what, till the discovery of the Gas Blighter Tank and the Flying Germ Sprayer, was humorously described as the Great War by a generation which never knew the magnificent expanse of a real cemetery. But though war may change from the mere accidental killing of a young primrose-gatherer by wasteful bomb-dropping to the timely poisoning of a school after prayers, we should never forget the debt we owe to men like General Flush-Phiz. It is well known that every time this fine old soldier heard the words "Peace" or "League of Nations," he dropped his cigar, and fixed his teeth firmly in a club table, from which the attendants could release his strong grip only by making behind him a noise like a cork. His sign canine, the true bull-dog mark, is to be found on most of the tables of the club. It was characteristic of the General that, in the prime of his military genius, during the war with Germany, he discouraged the then new notion of using

tanks to break the enemy's line, declaring vehemently that his men would never forgive him for not letting them do it themselves. He has now entered a nursing home, suffering from incurable shell-shock; not till too late was it discovered that in his new house the sound from the pantry of his cook popping the marrowfats penetrated to his study, where he was wont to sit looking at an old pickelhaube.—*Daily Dustpan*, July 30th, 1940.

WAKE UP, ENGLAND!

At a meeting of the Gomorrah (Palestine) branch of the Friends of Ruin, held yesterday, Colonel Eblis, of the Bacteriological Branch of the War Office, said he hoped they would never hear any more of such dangerous cant as goodwill and friendship. They, in Palestine, of all places, ought to know what happened to those who showed goodwill. They were crucified. It was disastrous rubbish, and would, he could assure them, prove fatal to the future of their great Empire. They could take it from him, for he knew what was going on. Such cant was all very well in the easy days when Sister Susie sewed those historic shirts for soldiers. Fortunately, she did not have to sew even shrouds nowadays. There wasn't enough left to make it worth while burying a man after they had done with him. (Loud laughter.) Moreover, Sister Susie usually died, in modern war, before the soldiers. (More laughter.) There were no civilians in war such as they waged. In the Great War—he could never understand why it was called great, unless it was that the people of those days got swelled heads through losing one man and a boy in each family—in that war the civilian thought it a hardship to have to shepherd his little flock into the coal hole on moonlight nights. Now he knows there are no coal holes deep enough to be of any use, and that his little flock is the first objective in war. To-day, in battle, the child in the cradle has the place of honor. (Loud cheers.) If it was noble of a man to surrender his first-born for the trenches, what was it to-day when he surrendered his whole family to a cloud of absolutely fatal germs? (Hear, hear.) They could call that old war what they pleased, and praise the sacrifices of those who took part in it. But what was an air-raid to a whole parish valiantly perishing of anthrax? What was the death of three sons to a town in which every citizen had sleeping sickness caused by the latest gas? Harder tests of manhood, of the Christian virtues, were demanded to-day. Men had to be infinitely more noble and enduring. We must be prepared for the worst—perhaps for total extinction. (Applause.)—*The Pictorial Whine*.

PULCHERIA RESTORED.

The pacification of the Pulcheria region is now almost complete (writes our special correspondent). Since 1914, when its unhappy natives were forced to fight in the German Army, and after the Armistice, when what was left of them patriotically volunteered to fight Bolsheviks for the Allies, or anything else, if the only other alternative were starvation, this nation has been winning its way to peace and freedom. Some of its extremists having set up a Socialist community, the Allies, twenty years ago, to save the new State from dissolution, were then compelled to intervene, and though it has taken long to do it, the work of re-establishing law and order is all but finished. The land is once more ready for the plough, the arts of peace, and the Gospel. Labor is the only difficulty. Interviewing one of our airmen, who has long been engaged in enforcing justice here, he told me he thinks he must have bombed the last field mouse three weeks ago. "I have been flying ever since over the whole country, and I haven't seen a movement.

I thought I saw life one day last week in a village which ought to have been dead, and fired six bursts of my Neckinslider rifle into it. But it proved to be only vultures, though goodness knows what they expected to pick up. Practically nothing has died there for months now. It's all finished."—*Evangelical Record*.

THE JIMGAM AFFAIR.

Giving evidence yesterday before the Commission inquiring into the strike troubles at Jimgam, and the official measures taken, General Tompion, asked whether he thought military necessity was above questions of morality and justice, said that when it was a case of military necessity there was no other question involved.

"What, then, is military necessity?" asked the President of the Commission.

"The opinion of the officer responsible," promptly retorted the General.

"But it may be a wrong opinion?" queried a member of the Commission.

"That has nothing to do with it. It is the view of the military officer in charge."

Orders, he added, were not given to be examined for errors in judgment, but to be obeyed. It was immaterial if a military order was wrong. It was an order. He was a plain soldier.

"But this order compelling any man passing through the street alongside the works to take his boots off and drink from the horse trough, was that degradation necessary?"

"That was my opinion. It was necessary to break their spirit. It was reported to me by one of my officers that he had heard a striker say I was a funny old guy. With a spirit like that abroad a soldier must either take strong measures, or the game is up."

"What game is that?" shouted a voice from the back of the court.

When the police had restored order in the court, the President asked the General what he thought of the bombing of the school from an aeroplane.

"It was an error of judgment which anyone would make," said the General. "It is impossible to know just what you are doing, in an aeroplane. From the height the officer was, the children pouring out of school to dinner would look like a riot. One cannot come down to find out the truth. The worst might be over by the time one had done that. There is no time for it. One must act, and act promptly."

The President thanked the General for the courtesy of his replies, and the inquiry closed till Monday next.—*Evening Scream*.

Short Studies.

A JAPANESE STUDY.

(TRANSLATED BY A JAPANESE STUDENT.)

YOSHISAN, hurriedly entering my room, cries suddenly, "Niisan!" and with her face on my knees weeps bitterly.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I ask with astonishment.

She stares up at me in silence, and her tear-stained eyes are eloquent with passion.

"Niisan," the delicate thread of her voice is reeled out, "I shall go far away to-morrow."

"Indeed! Then your family is removing?"

"No, only I."

"What, you alone?"

Ah! this girl has no warm mother's breast to fly to for comfort! The thread runs on. She tells me that some dreadful men are come to her house to take her

away; that her foster-mother told her she must go to Kyoto, and that they are now making preparations for the journey. She disheartedly says: "I can call you 'Niisan' only to-day! I —— I don't a bit want to go away."

I can say no soothing word, but only pat her shoulder so that she may cease weeping, unconsciously dropping hot tears upon her trembling neck.

Ah! a girl who has been sold to be a dancer!

* * * * *

That evening!

We take our usual walk to the marsh which is surrounded by the cold murmur of reeds. Yesterday we jumped and joked, entangled and disentangled, but to-day she is a person in the realm of silence, always bending her head and tightly grasping my hand—she is recalling all the past.

"Niisan, only to-day and no more. It breaks my heart to be separated from you."

She buries her tearful face in my sleeves.

"Yoshisan, don't weep so! You will soon be able to come back." But alas, how can I hide my tears?

"Niisan, where is Kyoto? Very far off?"

"Over there, where the moon rises. Why, it is not so far!"

She gazes at me affectionately. "Niisan, if I could only be with you alone in this way for ever!"

Impulsively I take her to my bosom tightly and cry in my heart she shall not go. But alas! — the cold power of the world snatches this pitiful girl away from my weak hands.

* * * * *

At last she starts. A lovely girl in small habaki and straw sandals! A butterfly figure!

Neighbors, who are here to see her off, are wet-eyed.

"Niisan!" drawing closely to me and clinging to my sleeve, she sobs once more. Ah, why did we spare our tears last evening? "Keep your tears and go, Yoshisan. Your companions wait for you!" The figure becomes smaller and smaller as I watch it disappearing in the lonesome autumn morning. Rain begins to fall. Two or three dead leaves float in the air. Her figure vanishes. Ah, is she weeping!

C. KAJI.

Letters to the Editor.

THE CHOICE.

SIR.—I have no doubt that the people of India, and in particular of the Punjab, will be grateful to you for your leading article on Lord Hunter's Report. Though the despatch of the Secretary of State, embodying as it does the opinion of the Cabinet, will go far to assure the people of the Punjab of the sympathy of the Government in their troubles and will be viewed as an assurance that these horrible atrocities will not be repeated, yet the Punjab would not have felt confident of the result unless the Secretary of State had been backed by the public opinion of England. I am glad that with slight and negligible exceptions the Secretary of State has been supported by the English Press.

In these circumstances it is lamentable to see that a determined attempt is being made to poison the public mind against the Punjab in order to get rid of the odium cast upon General Dyer. In India it is true that this will carry no weight. Public opinion in India will pass by with contempt the attempt of the editor of a Punjab Anglo-Indian paper which has been mainly instrumental in creating and widening the gulf in the Punjab between Englishmen and Indians. Lord Sydenham's true value has already been appraised, and he cannot do any harm in India, but it is desirable all the same that the people of England should know the Punjab view.

Certain Anglo-Indian officials in England are never tired of reiterating that English men and women go to the Punjab to serve the natives of the country, and are beloved by them. Yet, these very men are in the habit of repeating that they

cannot live in the Punjab without English soldiers to protect them, and without massacres like that of Amritsar to ensure their safety. They always say that they live on affectionate terms with the natives, but at the same time they would justify General Dyer's orders on crawling, flogging, salamaming, and similar orders, degrading to humanity and to civilization.

The people of England must understand that the Punjab is determined that not a single Punjab innocent life shall be sacrificed in the interests of this spirit. The English people will have to choose between the loyalty of the Punjab and General Dyer, and if they eventually decide that General Dyer is not guilty of anything for which he should be punished, they may make up their minds to govern the Punjab by martial law, and for a repetition of a state of things resembling what now exists in Ireland. There may be no murders such as now disgrace Ireland, but the Punjab will consider it is freed from any sentiment of loyalty towards the British Government. The issue is plain and clear before the British public. Mr. Montagu has done his best to win back Punjab loyalty. It is to be hoped that you and the responsible press of England will strenuously second his efforts, and defeat the malignant attempts of those who, in order to save General Dyer, are willing to alienate the Punjab. For let there be no mistake about it. The Punjab has made up its mind that it will no longer tolerate men of the stamp of Dyer or O'Dwyer, and if England resolves to stand by them the Punjab will have nothing to do with Englishmen in future. The alienation of mind may not now show itself in any crime, but the result is hardly in any doubt.—Yours, &c.,

LOYAL INDIAN.

PRUSSIANISM IN INDIA.

SIR.—Every citizen of the British Empire who believes in the high ideals of justice and fair play with which the name of Britain has been associated will thank you for your outspoken article on the Hunter Report. There is far too much sitting on the fence in regard to the application of these ideals to countries like India, whose population is not white. Anything which implies the lowering of these ideals in relation to Indian affairs does infinite harm to-day, when the great masses of India are vividly awake. The Hunter Report with its hesitating admissions of the failure of the Punjab administration to realize and apply these ideals will undoubtedly still further weaken the confidence of Indians in the sincerity of Britain. Mr. Montagu's clear expression of them in his despatch will do something to counteract this, but nothing can take away the force of the fact that five Britons with sufficient evidence before them should feel compelled to plead the Prussian doctrine of necessity in excuse for the iniquitous acts of their countrymen, which the "Times of India" declared created "a sense of irremovable shame" in every true-hearted Englishman.

There is no doubt that behind the tragedy of the Jallianwala Bagh and the excesses committed under the régime of martial law in the Punjab, there lay in the minds of a number of those in authority the deliberate intention "to emasculate the growing manhood" of young India and to curb the rising spirit of a healthy independence among the peoples of India; and it is the duty of every Englishman to protest with all his might against any such effort. If the British people could only know without doubt all that occurred last year in the Punjab they would rise up in indignation and sweep away all the authors of that accursed policy. Unfortunately, the facts are hidden in the cumbrous volumes of the Congress Report, and in the hearts of men and women. I notice that in a footnote you suggest that the number of 1,000 deaths given in the Congress Report as a result of the firing at Amritsar is an exaggeration. I have good reason to believe that it is an underestimate from information gleaned from men in the Punjab and from some of our soldiers who were present.

Unless Britons will make it clear in their acts and policy that they will never use such Prussian methods even to save an Empire, there is no possibility of comradeship or co-operation between Briton and Indian in India, and only those of us who live there know how great is the need of it. Some of my greatest Indian friends, men who were traditionally

and mentally wholehearted in their loyalty to the Empire and men of the sanest judgment, were almost led to believe by these things that Britain was no longer fit to continue the guardianship of the Indian peoples. Unless Britain alters her methods and applies the principles of brotherhood, which lie at the heart not only of Christianity but also of her own democratic constitution, the number of sane and sober leaders who will lose confidence in Britain's leadership will increase more and more. If any of our countrymen in India act contrary to those high ideals for which we stand, whatever their reason may be, then let us not be afraid to speak out clearly and to punish them.

I trust that your paper will continue to uphold the application of these ideals to all our problems and will endeavor to educate the public in England to a right conscience in these matters. Only thus can the bond between Britain and India be strengthened to the good of both peoples.

I hope that you will find room for this letter from one who has learnt to love and admire the Indian people.—Yours, &c.,

H. A. POPELEY

(of London Missionary Society and
Y.M.C.A., India).

28, Ardgowan Road, Hither Green, S.E. 6.

OUR CONQUERORS.

SIR,—At last we have the little Austrians with us—five hundred of the sweetest little enemies. Our little guests are the more fortunate ones, those who are only thin and delicate, who have escaped the rickets and consumption and the softening of the bones; all they want is feeding up after five lean years. A few are already getting the faint beginnings of rosy cheeks, and each day there is less walking about and more running and jumping. One poor little soul writes home, as of a portentous event, "I am getting milk and bread and butter."

To be with them is to realize why details do not come easily from our workers in distressed areas. There is such endless work to do in coping with distress that even the would-be observer finds himself roped in for one urgent service after another. So, in smaller matters, here. The under-clothes are pitiful. Many of the children have shirt carefully made out of sacking, and sometimes the name of the flour mill it came from runs across their backs. All the five hundred want fresh clothes from coat to skin and from top to toe. And yet their mothers had made a great effort to get them to look "anstaendig," respectable.

Sandwich was at dinner when they arrived, and there were few to welcome them, but Sandwich is far from uninterested. A town's meeting has been called, and already Sandwich ladies are interesting themselves in those little ones who are badly homesick; happily these are few.

Who has some German books that he can spare? And who will spend a week of his holidays in the camp? There is room for many more helpers—helpers who do not mind a little work in the pleasant huts and meadows of this camp, and the company of five hundred little souls, all on their best behavior. And last, for these child-adventurers, leaving this jolly camp in a few days for isolation among strangers, with home twelve long months away—where are the five hundred kindest families in Britain? To these poor little enemies, our guests, our duty is plain: to kill them—with kindness.

The worst of all was one of the hundred Mitsis (Mitsi is pet for Marie), a flaxen-haired little girl of eight, with a delicate face; her second teeth not yet all through. A blue bow in her pretty hair, a carefully mended, neat brown cotton dress, and decent boots: all these the proofs of immeasurable devotion of her parents. All the way from Vienna she cried, "Ich will zu hause, Ich will zu hause gehen"—"I want to go home!" And as I got on board that unhappy voice was the first I heard—the "little one that weeps and weeps." So we chummed up a little and made a tour of the deck, and met Mrs. Despard, who told Mitsi in German of all the nice things she was going to get in England; and there were smiles, but soon the small

face became all distorted and the pathetic refrain came again, "Ich will zu hause gehen."

But now the first worshipper must say "Adje" to these delightful enemies and go back to dull London. But not without writing to the Famine Area Children's Hospitality Committee (whose address, of course, you want: Room 51, New County Hall, London, S.W.1) to demand Mitsi and whomever Mitsi may have chosen as bosomest friend when the eighteen days' quarantine is up.

I know what will happen to those ladies of Sandwich! The plan, I believe, is for them each to take charge of one little homesick person in the camp, going in daily to spend the afternoon (at all events) with it, so that it shall have someone of whom it will there and then grow fond, what the Viennese, who live on Ersatz-coffee, Ersatz-milk, Ersatz-everything, would call an Ersatz-Mutter, a substitute for mother. Let us suppose that there are twelve homesick kiddies. There will be twelve substitute-mothers. And when the eighteen days are up, do you think they will let the twelve kiddies go? There will be twelve little Viennese remaining in Sandwich, to its honor and that of the Sandwich ladies.—Yours, &c.,

PAUL DIX.

VIENNA RELIEF FUND.

	£ s. d.
Amount already acknowledged in THE NATION	1,067 7 1
B. S. F.	50 0 0
Miss A. E. F. Horniman	10 0 0
M. T.	1 10 0
A London Postman	1 0 0
A Senegalese	10 0
Dr. Barri	10 0
Anonymous (Pimlico)	5 0

Poetry.

THE HARBINGER.

FIERCELY they rent into pieces the carpet
woven by ages of prayer for the welcome of the
World's best hope.
The great preparation of love lies in a waste heap
and there is nothing in the ruined altar
to remind the mad crowd of the coming of their God.
In a fury of passion they seem to have burnt
their own future to cinders and with it
their hope of the flowering time.
The air is harsh with the shout. "Victory to the Brute!"
The children look haggard and aged,
they whisper to one another that time revolves
but never advances, that we are goaded to run
but have nothing to reach, that creation is
the cry of the blind.

I said to myself, "Stop thy songs.
For song is for the One who is to come,
and fight without end for things that are."
The road which had ever seemed to keep
its ear to the ground listening to footsteps from
beyond
misses to-day its message of the coming guest
or of the house at the end.
My lute said to me, "Fling me to the dust."
I looked at the dust by the roadside.
There was a tiny flower among thorns.
And I cried, "The hope of the world is not dead.
Here is the print of the footprint."
I felt the horizon's whisper to the earth
and a hush of expectation in the air.
I saw the palm leaves clapping their hands to the time
of some unheard music,
and the exchange of glances between the moon
and the glistening silence of the lake.
The road said to me, "Fear not,"
and my lute said, "Lend me thy songs."

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

The World of Books.

THE "NATION" OFFICE, THURSDAY NIGHT.

THE following is our weekly selection of books which we commend to the notice of our readers:—

- ✓ "Frederick Loeker-Lampson. A Character Sketch." Composed and edited by the Rt. Hon. Augustine Birrell. (Constable.)
- ✓ "The Influence of Puritanism on the Political and Religious Thought of the English." By J. S. Flynn. (Murray. 12s.)
- ✓ "The Glow Worm, and other Beetles." By J. H. Fabre. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. (Hodder & Stoughton. 8s. 6d.)
- ✓ "Satan the Waster." By Vernon Lee. (Lane. 10s. 6d.)
- ✓ "John Robinson, Pastor of the Pilgrim Fathers." A Study of his Life and Times. (Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)
- ✓ "A Short History of the Italian People." By Janet Trevelyan. (Putnam. 25s.)

* * *

Do you remember meeting Kipling for the first time? If that was when you were a youngster, of course you do. On a day when I did not know even his name I found, in a cabin of a ship from Rangoon, two paper-covered books, with a Calcutta imprint, smelling of something, whatever it was, that did not exist in England. The books were "Plain Tales from the Hills" and "Soldiers Three." It was high summer, and in that hot cabin of a ship in the Albert Dock, with its mixed odour of teak, tea, and cheroots, I read through the lot straight off. It was a tremendous experience. The forces in those stories went nearer to completely capturing my mind and to keeping it than anything I have read since. I can believe now that I just escaped taking a path which would have given me a world totally different from the one I know; and the narrowness of the escape makes me feel tolerant towards the young people who give up typewriting and book-keeping, and go out into an unfriendly world determined to be Mary Pickfords and Charlie Chaplins. Think of it! A boy goes aboard a ship merely to get a parrot, and his friend who brought it from Burma, has gone to Leadenhall Street, and there is a long wait, with those books lying in a bunk. Such a trivial incident—something like it happening every week to each of us—and to-day that boy, but for the grace of God, might be reading the leaders of the "Morning Post" as the sole relief to a congested mind, going every week to the cartoon of "Punch" as to barley water for chronic prickly heat, and talking of dealing with Radicals as the Holy Office used to deal with unbaptized Indian babies for the good of their little souls.

* * *

MORE or less, he recovered from those astonishing adventures with Kipling, and may read him to-day with enjoyment, but safe from excitation; owing, perhaps, to a strong constitution, subject to bilious doubts, which loves to see lusty Youth cock its hat when most nervous, swagger with merry insolence to hide the uncertainty which comes of self-conscious inexperience, put on a cynical shrewdness to protect its credulity, and imitate the abandon of the hard fellow who has been to Hong Kong, Tal Tal, and Delagoa Bay; enjoys seeing Youth do that, but has learned that a visit to Rhodesia, worse luck, makes one no more intelligent than a week-end at Brighton. Well, it doesn't matter. What ingrates we should be now to turn on Kipling because we dislike the newspapers he reads, and his loud politics, which, when we get too much of them, remain on the mind, for a time, like the memory of a brass tray which a hearty child banged for a drum. Though we hold the British constitution as sacred as the family vault, we do not think the less of Dickens because the holy spectacle of our assembled legislators made him laugh, nor do we leave the room when Beethoven is played because his careless regard for a monarch's divine right is painful to us. If Kipling had not given us "My Sunday at Home" and the "Incarnation of Khrisna Mulvaney," how should we have got them?

* * *

BUT gratitude, unfortunately, did not prevent me from reading his latest book, "Letters of Travel" (Macmillan), published yesterday. Its attractive title drew me to it, and is to blame. Kipling has an uncanny gift of sight. It prompts no divination in him, but its curiosity misses nothing

that is on top. If he had watched the Crucifixion, and had been its sole recorder, we should have had a perfect picture of the soldiers, the crowds, the weather, the smells, the colors, and the three uplifted figures—so lively a record that it would be immortal for the fidelity and commonness of its physical experience; but we should never have known more about the central figure than that he was a cool and courageous rebel. He can make a picture of an indifferent huddle of fishing boats in a stagnant harbor that is much better than being there. Letters from such a traveller would attract one clean across the bookshop. But these letters of his were addressed to the "Times" and the "Morning Post," before the war; one may guess the rest. Such an exposure as they make moves one to pity even for an Imperialist whose omniscience once made the weak-kneed wonder whether arrogance, if lively enough, had not some advantages over reason.

* * *

YET there is in some of the letters stuff to show what we missed because the letters were not addressed to himself, or to me, or to you, or to anything but a Composite Portrait of The Breed. There are passages in the chapter called "Half-a-Dozen Pictures" which clear all irritation from the mind (for many of the author's insults are studied and gratuitous) and leave nothing but respect for the artist. These happen where the artist's vision, directed at a chromatic scrimmage among Oriental deck passengers, bears, and macaws, in the tropics; or a steamer coming round, exposed by a clarity like crystal, in the trough of the terrific seas somewhere in the neighborhood of the Auckland Islands at dayfall; or a sealing schooner faint in a mist of the North Pacific and "in the foreground, all but leaping out of the frame, an open row-boat, painted the rawest blue and white, rides over the shoulder of a swell. A man in a blood-red jersey and long boots, all shining with moisture, stands at the bows"—it happens where the artist has, for the moment, forgotten the need to make deductions for the benefit of the Absolute and Everlasting Chutney, and is a man and brother delighting in his craft.

* * *

THE rest of the book has, one must admit, a value, but it is an undesigned value; indeed, its value is that it was designed to prove, at the time, something quite different. From this book, with its recurring contempt of England, you may see just what value we need have attached to much that a Jingo ever had to tell us about Empire. If this volume, indeed, is an act of contrition for words unwisely written, then it should be read as a warning to all who write. Materialists naturally attach to transient circumstances a value which the less patriotic of us might think not really material. "We discussed, first of all, under the lee of a wet deck-house in mid-Atlantic; man after man cutting in and out of the talk as he sucked at his damp tobacco." There is no doubt that Kipling supposes the wet deck-house adds a value to the words spoken under its lee-side. Yet the words he reports are what one might hear, with grief, any time in any tavern in the hurry and excitement of ten minutes to time, gentlemen, please. But Kipling always thought an opinion gained in value if expressed anywhere but in England. His ideal government would be a polo-player from Simla leading the crew of the "Bolivar."

* * *

EVERY horror in the world, the author of these letters tells us, has its fitting ritual. How easily one realizes that when feeling again the heat of the mind of the pre-war materialist through these letters, the vicious mockery, certain of popular applause, of ideas that are not marketable; the abrupt rancor whenever democracy is mentioned; the spite felt for England—"in England . . . you see where the rot starts"; the suspicion for other countries, and the consequent jealousy and fear; here it all is, convulsive, uncertain, inflammable. The prophet of Empire! But the prophecy was wrong. England, "where the rot starts," bore most of the heat and burden of the day, and saved the Empire for the materialists. And what of the British youngsters who did that, who were not materialists in the least, but many of them the idealists for whom no abuse, once upon a time, could be too vicious? The corruption of the Somme! That faceless and nameless horror was the apotheosis of the Imperialist.

H. M. T.

Reviews.

DICKENS.

II.

THE passion for being at home with all men brought Dickens very close to the temper, though not to the thought, of the modern Socialist. He knew nothing of economics, as we know them to-day, and cared little for the origin of classes. He was far from realizing the idea that, since it is the worker who makes the wealth of society, it is he who is the founder and who should receive honor as such. Nevertheless it is among the workers that he finds most human kindness, as in simple people he sees the finest instances of love and sacrifice. And now that, to all appearances, the destiny of the race is on the point of passing into the hands of the workers, it is a comfort to follow the evidence of this lover of his kind as to the excellence of the human stuff. Over and over again, like a man searching for gems in the mud of the street, Dickens brings forward instances of divine gentleness and worth from among the simple people. There is his gallery of working women, from the housekeeper, George's mother, to Mrs. Baget who was always washing greens; there is Toots, the true lover, whom Mr. Chesterton calls the divine fool; Polly and Susan are the only wholesome influences in the deadly *Dombe* *ménage*, and it is Miss Pross whose devotion, free from melodrama as Sydney Carton's is not, stands foursquare in the shadow of the guillotine. And perhaps, next to Bob Cratchit's goose, the most moving chapter in Dickens is the scene where the strong man hauls into Swiveller's garret a mighty hamper which "disgorged such treasures of tea, and coffee, and wine, and rusks, and oranges, and grapes, and fowls ready trussed for boiling, and calves' foot jelly, and arrowroot, and sago, and other delicate restoratives, that the small servant, who had never thought it possible that such things could be, except in shops, stood rooted to the spot in her one shoe, with her mouth and eyes watering in unison, and her power of speech quite gone." Here is the classic joy of enumeration, but shown in nothing more romantic than in good things for the hungry.

For, to Dickens's way of thinking, it is the poor who actually realize the significance of this sharing of food. From him one sees why the breaking of bread was made the symbol of brotherhood. In one sense, and that perhaps the profoundest of all, probably the whole problem of life on earth is nothing more than the sharing of bread and all that it stands for, so that in deepest truth it is a fact that neither states, nor classes, nor individuals will find peace until they have attained to the spirit in which Cratchit cut up that goose for his family, or in which Swiveller brewed purl for the poor little kitchen drudge, the Marchioness. There is no novelist, not even Dostoevsky, who cares less for the pride of life and the shows of things, who is so convinced that it is the rich who are sent empty away and not of bread alone, but of spiritual gifts. Yet the gulf of difference is deep between Dickens and Dostoevsky. Both realize the value of giving, sharing, not keeping. But to the Englishman the giving and sharing is of bread, of material gifts: could he see a vision of a world set free from misery, it would be one of wheat-ships coming into port, of fruitful fields and fine herds, with no one hungry anywhere, for each shares with all. But the Russian dreams of that inward sharing, of that fellowship which withholds nothing at all, neither body nor soul. And, therefore, the Karamazoffs, sinners and saints alike, are so many episodes of the spiritual values.

Humanity is now in the position of a horse which is jibbing at sight of a double obstacle in its race: one of these is hatred, racial, social, religious; the other is the lust to possess. Dickens's importance at the moment lies in the fact that his temperament provided a remedy for both hatred and greed. The problem of hatred being, *How can I find my brother lovable when he seems to me so mighty unlovable?* Dickens says—just find him laughable: if you can do this without that touch of contempt which some people profess to find in all laughter, you will have "got round" one half of the riddle of existence. And to help us to work this miracle he builds for us, out of the stuff of human nature, vast and most laugh-worthy creatures.

His solution of the other difficulty, that of greed, is less helpful because, finding no way round the crux, he falls into the pitfall of the preacher and exhorts. Be generous, says he. But if one isn't made on generous lines, how can one become generous? It is like trying to grow wheat with no seed. But, in fact, this passion to possess, though we are beginning to consider it the very source and origin of misery and wrong, has only recently been recognized as the predominant motive in politics and religion. We are beginning to see that, before we can tackle this evil and even begin to break bread with all mankind, we shall have to alter the system on which social life is run. In view of the fact, then, that what we need is constructive thought, Dickens's appeal to genial free-handedness seems like going out to stay a plague by libations of rose-water. What we need is a political and economic science that will give the spirit of Dickens a chance.

Yet, if we look back at the childhood of Dickens, we shall realize that there could not possibly be any scorn for mere "possession" in any clear-sighted child of John Dickens who had watched the misery that feckless free-handedness can bring on a helpless family. For Dickens approached the problem of poverty from a peculiar angle: he learnt, by his sudden change in fortune as a child, what those born in poverty seldom realize, he learnt its shame. For the misery of the blacking warehouse and the debtors' prison followed close on the gay days in Rochester which were the actual preparation life offered for Dickens's work. There is the cheerful household, with little Charley saying his "pieces" to the delight, at any rate, of himself and his parents. The first written document in Charles's hand is this: "Master and Miss Dickens will be pleased to have the company of Master and Miss Tribe to spend the evening on—." There is the air of middle-class gaiety, in cosy parlors well wadded, no doubt, with sandbags against draughts, with punch, card parties, children's parties, all set against a background of playgoing at the Theatre Royal, Rochester. From that day onwards there is no time for Charles to withdraw from the world. He was before the footlights all the time, his flame of genius was fed from the start to the end by the presence of people, of ever greater and greater crowds till the wheel came full-circle in the wave of excitement created by the readings that killed him. He is the entertainer always. "He is a fine little fellow," says Carlyle. "Clear, blue, intelligent eyes that he arches amazingly; large, protrusive, rather loose mouth; a face of the most extreme mobility which he shuttles about—eyebrows, eyes, mouth, and all—in a very singular manner while speaking. For the rest, a quiet, shrewd-looking little fellow, who seems to guess pretty well what he is and what others are." Seldom did the old word-painter hit off a portrait better.

His social ideals were those of his time and class: a father who left his family well provided for had been a success, yet to be generous was also a joyous exercise of power, and the Cheerybles, or Scrooge after conversion are, above all other things, the high-water mark of the England of the past. To Englishmen of this kidney philanthropy was not only the way to heaven, but to a better appetite here on earth for both getting and spending. There is no place at all in this conception for that change in the constitution of the world that shall make getting, spending, and giving a thing of the past. And every country which, like England, has revelled in philanthropy, must needs hate the Socialism which would remove from the few the power, which they have so much enjoyed, of giving and spending for the benefit of the many. And no one, when it came to concrete fact, would have hated this new science more than Dickens.

For he had no idea of the causes of evil that are rooted in the mere story of humanity's past. He wished men to be loving and generous because it gave him pleasure to be generous and kindly. He sees us all going into heaven, if we will to do so, one by one. He has no notion that perhaps the thinker, by burrowing into the sources of wealth, may be more effective than the preacher in inducing a heaven on earth. When Dickens saw an evil, he showed people suffering under it and expected other people to alter it. He ameliorated the working of the Poor Law in this way, but it is still with us. Facing the fact of industrial slavery, he went down to Manchester and wrote a tale about Gradgrind, producing about as much effect on the system as though he had

flung a pebble at a fortress. He, like his age, had no notion that the foundations were rotten.

When the evil he saw sprang from roots that lie deep down in the nature of man, he was not only futile, he was afraid. And Dickens is consequently hysterical in face of sexual evil, producing the ridiculous Carker-Dombey scenes, the fretful sentimentality of the Little Emly and Nancy *motifs*. The same attitude is shown in his own marriage troubles when he actually proposes to publish a defence of his action. His century was one that lived splendidly by dint of wearing its company clothes on all occasions. It was therefore an age of repression, of fear and hypocrisy. But because Dickens was very sensitive to suffering he could neither treat sex lightly nor leave it alone: it touched the quick in him and he had no science at hand with which to calm his nerves. He wrote, in fact, a pamphlet addressed to the women of the streets that was actually distributed in London; he worked as the agent of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts in her work for "fallen women," but he remained unaware of the roots of prostitution in the economic and social position of women, and never lost an opportunity of deriding, as in Mrs. Jellyby, the woman who regards herself as jointly responsible with man for the condition of the world. In his views of women Dickens is a curious proof of the fact that a creative writer draws his inspiration from the impressions of childhood. For when Dickens wrote of women he saw, not the Baroness Burdett-Coutts with whom he worked, but "pretty Fanny's way" as he had learnt to see it among the wax-flowers and books of beauty which belonged to the "Woman, lovely woman" period.

The strength and weakness of Dickens is the strength and weakness of the Englishman whose special capacity for living rests on his faculty for dealing with others "as man to man," in a human-kindly sort of way. The cosiest English adjective is "neighborly," and life, as in Ireland, is a dead failure in any country where the Englishman cannot apply it. He rubs along with most men when he meets them as individuals. It makes him a good colonist up to a certain point in a colony's history. And Dickens is admirably suited to this style of success. But when Englishmen have to face a new synthesis, a new vision, they behave with a stupidity that is almost incredible to quick and perceptive peoples fully aware of the joy of "beginning all over again." And now that a new vision is coming, of course the Englishman will fight it to the last ditch. Thus there is not a single English writer of the first class in the Victorian Age to be found among the iconoclasts whose blows had destroyed in the mental world the structure of European life long before its physical fall in the great war. This contradiction between English humanity to individuals and English indifference to systems has done more than anything else to earn for us the title "English hypocrites." The hypocrisy is not due to a moral squint so much as to the fact that the English heart and brain have never succeeded in running in double harness, for one is the hare and the other the tortoise. And, therefore, D.O.R.A. now fines merchants for travelling to Vienna to reopen trade in that city while charity pours out its thousands for gifts that would be unnecessary were trade but restored. It looks like insanity: it is one of the facts that give rise to the "mad Englishman" theory.

Against this weakness Dickens has no help. His satire confines itself to the hypocrisies and imbecilities of personal life; of the great systematic falsities inherent in race or sex or class exploitation he has no inkling. And many who are kind to individuals habitually support systems which cause more suffering than all the individual selfishness in the world. The only help such persons will get from Dickens is that his sensitiveness may awake theirs—to wrongs he never noted. For his mind was utterly free from the peculiar religious blasphemy of imagining that a hell upon earth must be maintained as a training school for a heaven somewhere else, and this theory he spent great energy in combating. But he had no realization that his desires for human well-being could never be fulfilled till yet another of our "little systems" had passed away and ceased to be. The lighted patch of personal consciousness was all he knew: there is no dim background to his thought derived from either science or history; above all, there is to him no sea of mystery engulfing the human lot. Only his view of death is tinged with such a sense, for

he calls it going out with the tide. It is his orthodox idea of the other tide of life, sex, that keeps him in fear of it, for he cannot distinguish between the manifestations of it that belong to commerce and those that beat in time to the rhythm of nature. He is a man of cities, and absolutely the only point that pulls him up in his view of the neatness of the universe is the wrong-doing in the world. Is it not surprising? he naively asks. The heart of the people is, on the whole, full of love and laughter. Then why this wrong? The fact is a deep surprise to him.

We say nowadays that we have gone wrong, on the whole, because we have not thought straight: Dickens says we have not loved enough, been generous and genial enough. And so he builds a world apart, a world so cosy with red blinds in the windows and stores of food and great fires and bowls of punch that it is a pleasure to make the flesh creep by fancying the fog and the imps of darkness without. Within, it is the land of Cockaigne where roasted birds do not, by a natural law, fall into everybody's mouth, but where, especially at certain seasons of the year, good souls go out and drop geese, turkeys, and sausages into the mouths of others. Their poverty is, in fact, a joy because it can be relieved. That, fundamentally, is Dickens's answer to the problem of evil. It is there for us to get over it.

We, on the other hand, hope to clear away the fog by using electric power, and especially to arrange a system of roasting birds for everybody's use. But one thing is certain: that there will be no joy for any of us either in the process or the result unless we do it with the spirit of Dickens within us.

M. P. WILLCOCKS.

SIR IAN HAMILTON.

"Gallipoli Diary." By Sir IAN HAMILTON. Two vols. (Arnold 36s. net.)

WHATEVER one's opinion may be of Sir Ian as a stylist or a strategist, one cannot get away from the fact that his diary is a most fascinating book. It is probably true that all diaries are fascinating to anyone who can say that he is a man in the sense of the old tag of Terence. But Sir Ian is not only a man, a very self-conscious man with a very self-conscious style—and what more can you ask from a diarist?—he was also Commander-in-Chief in a great military adventure which, if it had succeeded, would undoubtedly have changed the history of the world. The future historian of the Great War will have to make a very careful study of this diary, and he will have to read it with the stony impartiality and inhuman detachment which are to-day denied to us whose minds are still clouded by the hopes and fears of 1915 and 1916. It would be ridiculous for anyone to pretend that he can form an unbiased judgment upon the larger strategical and political questions which burst out upon one from every second entry in Sir Ian's diary. Our opinions on these great subjects are clear and vehement, but they take the form of feelings and impressions rather than of reasoned judgments.

And our first and most abiding impression is that of dumb amazement. Sir Ian has the all-embracing egoism of the good diarist, the egoism which confounds the ego with the cosmos, which is so absorbed in contemplating the antics and gesticulations of this wonderful "I" upon the pavements of Whitehall or among the stars of heaven that it loses all sense of reticence or discretion. By the last page of this book the writer is as naked psychologically as he was corporeally on the day of his birth. To be able to observe a British General and a Commander-in-Chief in this defenceless condition, and to observe him not for a moment or even for an hour but through long months and two fat volumes, is sufficiently astonishing; but we are so accustomed to the vagaries of individual psychology that here our amazement remains articulate. It is Sir Ian's revelations of the mass psychology of great generals conducting a great war which reduce us to the verge of dumbness. In his first chapters Sir Ian gives a description of the way in which he was informed by Lord Kitchener that the British Government intended to attempt to force the straits and take Constantinople, and that he was to command the military forces which were to support the Fleet in this tremendous adven-

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ture. We have an account, too, of the plan and instructions communicated to him.

Now there is no doubt that if any journalist had written this account as a record of fact his editor would either have dismissed him on the spot or called in a mental specialist. But in the diary we have the chief eye-witness's account of the way in which a Commander-in-Chief is packed off on a campaign which might rank in history with the conquests of Alexander or Napoleon's invasion of Russia. The Secretary of State for War rings a bell and sends for a British General. The General stands in front of the Field-Marshal's table. The Field-Marshal goes on writing and suddenly says in a casual voice: "We are sending an army to help the Fleet take Constantinople and end the Great War. Attention. Right about turn. Quick march—to Constantinople." "Excuse me," says the General, "but we have often done this kind of thing together before, and you know that I will march to Constantinople with the utmost loyalty just as in the old days I marched to the Western Transvaal; but really I hardly know where Constantinople is, and there must be a few Turks, not to speak of Germans, between it and Whitehall. I suppose I am to have a few troops in my army, and I should be infinitely obliged if, without interrupting your writing, you could give me a vague idea of their number." The Field-Marshal frowns and shrugs his shoulders, and in curt sentences replies: "Say 80,000, and if you want plans, you will find an old map and a book of travels downstairs in a pigeon-hole. And you may as well tell me before you go whether you propose to take Constantinople from the north or from the west or from the south, and how the devil you propose to hold it if you do take it." The General "knowing K.'s hatred of hesitation" "pulls himself together," and, remembering the Balkan War, replies that he proposes taking Constantinople from the Chatalja Lines. The General asks timidly how many Turks he will have to fight and how many guns they have. "Nobody knows and nobody cares," sings the Field-Marshal, sitting at the table writing "Constantinople Expeditionary Force" on several sheets of foolscap. Two days later the General, having been sternly told that he is not to be allowed any aeroplanes, sets off with no Administrative Staff, no plans, and possibly no army, but with a large note-book (for diary-writing purposes) and a Colt's automatic pistol—sets off for Constantinople.

The subsequent history of this expedition, which resulted in the loss of some 30,000 to 40,000 lives but not in the taking of Constantinople, is recorded in the note-book and the diary. As these pages show, the actual management of the strategy and tactics of the campaign and the correspondence between the Commander-in-Chief and the War Office are conducted on lines very similar to that of the original conversation between the General and the Field-Marshal.

We have no space to pursue the subject, but it is necessary to draw attention to the most extraordinary and unexpected of Sir Ian's revelations. Who could possibly have guessed that the official correspondence between the Secretary of State and the Commander-in-Chief in the field is conducted on the principles of a Henry James novel? Whenever the Secretary of State sends a telegram or a despatch the Commander-in-Chief whips out his diary and analyzes with amazing subtlety all that "K." did not say but intended to convey unsaid to the Commander-in-Chief. Had we known at the beginning what we know now of great leaders, we should not have been startled by the suggestion of a three-years' war. We should have known that the war might never stop.

SHAKESPEARE'S KING JOHN.

"A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare: The Life and Death of King John." Edited by HORACE HOWARD FURNESS, Jun. (Lippincott. 25s. net.)

WHEN the spiritualists last roused Shakespeare he appeared to be in closer touch with earth than one might have supposed, for he conversed like a leading article in a Sunday paper. When he is summoned from the dead and gives his message as "a plague of my commentators," then our fears that the next world will be even worse than our own

will be dissipated. It is precisely because Shakespeare has been edited to death that we heartily welcome this new Variorum Edition. It is a kind of Whiteley's of Shakespearean comment, textual annotation, and criticism, and it gives other editions no excuse at all for surrounding their little islands of text with a vast waste of editorial waters. The Variorum Edition should drain them all off into its own huge reservoir and leave Shakespeare to go his own way elsewhere, unencumbered by legions of hoplites, baggage-wagons, and camp-followers. Here these accessories are perfectly appropriate, interesting, and necessary.

The present volume contains over 700 pages, more than 400 of which are occupied with the text and the footnotes to it. The rest of the book is filled with the appendices, a truly wonderful apparatus of economized Shakespearian learning. Besides the text of the anonymous play, "The Troublesome Raigne of King John" (published in two parts of five acts apiece in 1591), a hack chronicle play from Hollinshed and remodelled by Shakespeare into his own "King John," first published in the First Folio of 1623, the appendices are a historical calendar of the criticisms upon this anonymous pot-boiler from Steevens and Malone to the moderns; upon the characters of John, Constance, and Faulconbridge, and upon Shakespeare's play as a whole from Gildon and Johnson up through Hazlitt, Lloyd, Campbell, &c., to Gervinus, Swinburne, Jusserand, and Professor Herford. The same retrospective method is followed with the relation of Shakespeare to Roman Catholicism, the date of the play, its stage history, various actors' interpretations, and so on. When, again, one turns to the text and follows the note, say, of the funeral dirge of the swan "who chaunts a dolefull hymne to his owne death," and pursues this queer legend through parallel passages in Shakespeare to the source of the fable in "Pseudodoxia Epidemica," Willoughby's comments on it and Charles Watterton's charming confutation of it in "Essays in Natural History," one thinks of Cleveland's "a little world in folio"—or large octavo. The book is an encyclopaedia of scholarship in intention and triumphant achievement, but it is more absorbing than any encyclopaedia, because it has no fixed demarcations of knowledge. One hits upon an innocent-seeming word in the text and away one goes, travelling a whole county of instructive comment through lane after lane of out-of-the-way information. It is well that there should be one text of Shakespeare which grows a forest of Igdrasil trees from a handful of seeds.

The dates of King John range from 1592 to 1611, but the latter is an impudent attempt to fasten "W. Sh's" name upon the title-page of the old play, and in 1622 the publisher went the whole hog and reissued "The Troublesome Rayne" as by "W. Shakespeare." On the whole, we think that Mr. Furness is wrong to place the date of Shakespeare's play at somewhere between 1596 and 1598; Sir Sidney Lee is probably nearer the truth in fixing it at 1594. King John is an adaptation of another man's play, and, risen as it is like Lazarus from the grave, it still remains 'prentice work—for Shakespeare—and is rather a scaffolding about two or three powerful scenes and characters than a structurally unified work of art. Nor is there any prose in it. By 1598 Shakespeare had shaken himself free of Marlowism, a falcon who had broken the "tassels" for ever. Mr. Furness, again, is quite right to criticize the emotions of the plays as "reflections of some exterior impulse on" him, but no artist, after all, can escape or should escape the influences of personal experiences transformed, and it is permissible to see something of his own son Hamnet in Arthur, and perhaps the strongest reason for dating the play after 1596 is derived from the intensity of anguish in Constance's grief for her son. Hamnet died in 1596. In the same way, Mr. Furness is, we feel, a little too objective in declaring that Shakespeare never "made use of his dramatic art . . . as a means of enforcing his own views." The sonnets witness that he did, and any intelligent reader can tell from the plays what manner of a man Shakespeare was and what he thought about life.

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"Chapters in Medieval Administrative History." By T. F. TOUT, M.A., F.B.A. Vols. I. and II. (Manchester University Press. 36s.)

THERE are not many professors who find time and energy not only to direct a living school in which they give their best to the pupils, but also to carry on research and writing on a great scale; and, if we had no more ground for gratitude than this, the public would still have reason to thank Professor Tout for setting an admirable example. But we have much more; for these "Chapters" form the first instalment of a book which will do away with the long-standing reproach that British scholars have neglected our constitutional origins except so far as these threw light on the parliamentary system. "Stubbs never attempted to do for the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries what he accomplished in so remarkable a fashion for the twelfth"; "Maitland, like Stubbs, threw his main strength into other lines, and never aspired to work out our administrative system in detail." Yet Professor Tout rightly insists that the King's Household in the Middle Ages was, from one point of view, a more important constitutional factor than Parliament itself. Parliament was an intermittent, the Household a constant force; *gutta cavat lapidem*; "though the individual executive acts [of these permanent clerks] were often trivial, the aggregate sum of the effects obtained by administrative action was certainly far greater than that which resulted from parliamentary intervention." And there are many lessons for our own time in the story of these two volumes—the story how the Treasury, the Wardrobe, from the tiny cell in which the royal valuables were kept under lock and key, or the closet in which the royal garments hung, became state offices comparable to our Treasury and our Downing Street of to-day. Moreover, Professor Tout sometimes dots the i's and crosses the t's for us, in spite of himself. We say advisedly, in spite of himself; for one of his avowed enemies is "the 'practical' view of history once maintained by Professor Seeley." "We investigate the past," he insists, "not to deduce practical political lessons, but to find out what really happened." But are these two objects indeed mutually exclusive, or is not the mirage of "objective" history as fantastic as the "practical" mirage? Can the historian, any more than the microscopist, make anything intelligible out of the myriads of separate impressions resulting from his patient researches, except by keeping a certain theory or certain theories in his head all the time, however provisionally? And are not those theories always dependent upon our general sense of human nature and human needs? Do we not necessarily select the significant, dismiss the insignificant details? And is not our judgment of significance or insignificance immensely colored by human interests which are, for the most part, very living and insistent to-day? If this is so, we may again be grateful to Professor Tout for a more "practical" book than his strict theory would seem to permit.

For, dry as many of the details may be by themselves, and enormously as the writer is handicapped by his pioneer difficulties—by the necessity of explaining to us, at every turn, elementary things which we ought to have known long ago—we think that the general public will find these two volumes easier reading than the author's "Place of Edward II. in English History," with which it inevitably challenges comparison. The evolution of the Wardrobe has almost the interest of a study by Henri Fabre on the development of some familiar insect. The King's bed-chamber was originally his treasury also; the same guard was paid to secure him against nightly murder and burglary; Suger, to emphasize our Henry I.'s fear of

domestic treason, tells how frequently he changed his couch, multiplied his guards, and bade his chamberlain see that shield and sword lay ever by his side. But the chamber had its dependent closet, the *wardrobe*, which Enlart well describes in its original form:—

"La chambre à coucher avait pour dépendance presque nécessaire une *garde-robe*, petite pièce analogue à notre cabinet de toilette, et contenant les armoires et les coffres qui renfermaient le linge, les habits, les bijoux, ainsi que les meubles de toilette. A la *garde-robe* elle-même était annexé un cabinet d'aisances, car chaque chambre avait souvent le sien, et, s'il faisait défaut, une chaire aiseé pouvait se dissimuler dans un coin de la *garde-robe*."

So the Wardrobe became the natural depository for chests of documents, books, and valuables of all sorts. Presently the word is used for these chests, wherever they are, and of the staff of clerks and officials who are responsible for them. We see them visibly on one of Edward I.'s progresses in Wales: five carts drawn by seventeen horses, and lumbering along at the rate of scarcely more than fifteen miles a day; at Chester they charge the Treasury tenpence for an enclosure, doubtless of canvas, made to enable them to cast up their accounts safely and quietly in the ramshackle building to which they had been assigned—*pro quadam clausura ad computandum*. At Ghent, later on, a similar *clausura* was made of carpentry. "In its wanderings through the enemies' lands in Scotland, as well as in its Continental journeys, the Wardrobe must often have been exposed to considerable danger. The accounts of 1303-4 show that it was guarded by Dickon of Weighton, the *centenarius* of a company of twenty-four cross-bowmen. It was rarely that the whole force was present, but Dickon and some of his followers seemed always at hand." By what steps, and how far, the Wardrobe and similar offices expanded from this, Professor Tout's book will show. We have emphasized the incidental social interest of this book simply because it is merely incidental, and not to be taken for granted. It is hardly necessary to add that the essential value of Professor Tout's work is its solid contribution to constitutional history; the worthy and much-needed supplement which it brings to the life-work of Stubbs and Maitland.

AN EXPERIMENT IN FICTION.

"The Imperfect Mother." By J. D. BERESFORD. (Collins. 7s. 6d. net.)

ONE lays down "An Imperfect Mother" with the feeling that somehow or other Mr. Beresford ought not to have won the clever game of chess he has been playing with his readers. The story is in the nature of a psychological demonstration, with the moves of the leading characters worked out to lead up to a certain combination, and then quickly the demonstrator enforces a scientific mate. It is not the aesthetic quality but the brain-work one admires in the planning and exposition of the story. The imperfect mother is Cecilia Kirkwood, a lady of an intense, rebellious temperament, who twenty-two years ago shut herself up in "the dark, little, stuffy room" of a mistaken marriage. Her husband, Andrew Kirkwood, a bookseller in the Cathedral town of Medboro', is an amiable, timid nonentity. And when Cecilia meets the cultured, musical Dr. Threlfall, the Cathedral organist, and the pair fall passionately in love, she resolves to have "air and light and freedom" before she becomes an old woman. Cecilia, who has "an astonishing gift of begetting and retaining affection," does not conceal from her son Stephen, a lad of seventeen, her project of deserting her dull husband and family, and making for herself a new life with the intellectual Dr. Threlfall in London. The provincial environment and atmosphere in which the past and these preliminaries are established before our eyes, are drawn with all Mr. Beresford's able craftsmanship. One believes in the situation, in the family, in Mrs. Kirkwood's vivacious and imperious personality, and one admires the naturalness with which her nervous, self-effacing little husband, dominated by his wife, fades away into the background. But one scarcely credits the clairvoyance and mental grip with which Stephen, the son of seventeen, faces the situation. For his psychological purposes Mr. Beresford develops his story largely through the medium of the lad's sensitive consciousness.



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ness, and this involves conversations between the mother and son that form a vital part of the "demonstration." And here, though the intellectual structure is true enough, one questions the argumentative style in which Cecilia addresses herself to retain her son's allegiance. She may feel like a woman, but she doesn't show a mother's subtlety. However that may be, we reach the climax of the situation when Stephen sets out to find his mother on the night she has absented herself from her family, seeking to persuade her to come home with him and leave Dr. Threlfall. He makes at last the appeal that she dreads: "Oh, mother, don't go. Don't leave me." And, overstrained, she repulses him with an evil, hysterical laugh. This evil laugh to Stephen "was a desolating catastrophe"; and he turned from her "in a paroxysm of disgust and terror." The pieces have now been brought into the position for the scientific combination.

Seven years pass, and Stephen, who has worked himself up to a responsible position in an important builder's firm, comes to London and seeks out his mother, who is now a minor theatrical "star." She has attained social and artistic success, but, ageing, has lost the love of Dr. Threlfall who also has "a temperament," and is now attracted by the beautiful girl, Margaret Weatherley, the heroine of Stephen's schoolboyish passion. The smile that this "remote and exquisite" girl, the headmaster's daughter, had once bestowed on Stephen, alone among his school-fellows, is proved to be, in fact, as determining a factor in his life as was his mother's evil, hysterical laugh. And their psychological significance is interlocked, for Margaret's smile had subtly affected Stephen's attitude to his mother seven years back. It is after Stephen has encountered Margaret again at the Threlfalls, when the sight of her reawakens in him the old passionate feeling that they are fated for one another, that mother and son explore, bit by bit, the history of their mutual reactions on the fateful night of her elopement. With delicate dexterity Mr. Beresford weaves the pattern of new and old feelings together into a central design that explains the past by the present new emotional crisis. Cecilia, now jealous of Margaret's influence, avows that she had realized on that night "you didn't want me; quite suddenly you didn't want me any more. . . . I can see it now. You were in love, in your boy's way, with that chit at the school." And that decided her. And later on, when Stephen, pressing his passion feverishly on Margaret, is met by the same hysterical, mocking laugh from the girl, Cecilia explains what it signifies. "Can't you realize now that when a woman laughs like that, it is because she is torn in two? That laugh was my last effort to defend myself. If you'd said one word more I should have given in. . . . And can't you see that you're a temptation to her. She wants you desperately . . . but she has a very clear idea of all that she would lose by marrying you." Stephen, guided by his mother, now presses his suit, and Margaret is glad to succumb to his passion.

It is only towards the close of the story that the reader perceives that it is built on a psycho-analytic foundation. Stephen's blind recoil from his mother and Margaret at the crisis of each "evil, hysterical laugh" is traced to a morbid experience in childhood. And the demonstration of the "case" is made complete when each woman in turn tries to defend herself from his love by being "hard and cruel." And our reaction against the novel lies in the instinct that its scientific foundation impairs its artistic value. Because the thesis is laid out, and the psychological demonstration is exact, the creative fecundity and imaginative freedom are trammelled. The artist has put himself into harness, and, clever as he is, the aesthetic quality of his appeal inevitably suffers.

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In the introduction to this biography, Col. Wedgwood, M.P., writes: "Morel is in some ways very like a little child; and like all little children he might have come 'from God.'" Some African natives had suggested that Mr. Morel had "come from God." The sentence shows what Col. Wedgwood's introduction is "very like," and we wonder if Mr. Morel, who is a sincere and severe thinker, will like it very much. A brave man who has been the object of obloquy because he cared for the truth more than he cared for praise and comfort, deserves that his case should be explained to the public—if it ever will heed—but counsel should be careful of the language he uses. Mr. Cocks does better. He gives a plain statement of Mr. Morel's life from his early journalistic days, throughout his disinterested and zealous fight on behalf of the tortured African, till the time when he was released from prison, where we had decided it was safer to place him while Mr. George was winning the war. It is interesting to read the laudations of Mr. Morel quoted by Mr. Cocks from the "Morning Post," and spoken by bishops, statesmen, and journalists. But those things were said in the days of the Congo reform agitation, and Mr. Morel was then attacking the unregenerate foreigner. We made reparation in full measure when Mr. Morel failed to see much difference between the unsophisticated diplomacy of Downing Street and the cunning of Berlin. To judge from this biography Mr. Morel has left his prison unrepentant. He is prepared to speak his mind again. His case is incurable.

* * *

"The Philosophy of Speech." By GEORGE WILLIS. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

COBBETT wrote a grammar which Hazlitt justly said was as good as a fairy tale. It is a double blessing if we can take our lessons with delight. Cobbett's grammar makes jolly reading, and we can put it down with the comforting moral reflection that we have not wasted our time. Mr. Willis deserves applause for his entertainment, but some of his story is from the land of fairy in a sense not meant by Hazlitt. In considering words as imitations of things, he indulges in this kind of speculation: "In 'line,' 'linen,' and 'linseed' we have a sound which from time immemorial has signified 'flax.' That flax was used for the strings of musical instruments may be inferred from Homer's 'Linon upo kalon aeiden' ('the flax sang beautifully in answer'), said of the boy playing to the vintagers on a cithara. That 'lin' is a natural and effective way of imitating a musical note we can see from Tennyson's 'The mellow lin-lan-lone of evening bells.'" The publisher uses the word "ingenious" to describe this book, and we cannot think of a better. When away from the region of guess-work Mr. Willis is still entertaining and more convincing. His discussions of grammar, correct speech, and education repay attention. He protests against tyrannical attempts by pedants to force the laws of Latin grammar upon the English language, and pleads for a reform of spelling on the ground that to spell "correctly" is often a weak concession to error, and that "to spell incorrectly is to dispute the authority of folly and to assert our spiritual independence of fashion. We would have individuality apparent in an author's spelling, as in all details of his mental apparel. In this matter our poets should give the lead."



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LIPTON LTD.

THE twenty-second annual general meeting of Lipton Ltd. was held on May 31st at Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., Sir Thomas J. Lipton, Bart., K.C.V.O., presiding.

Mr. C. Williamson Milne, the deputy chairman, at the request of Sir Thomas, reviewed the accounts in detail, pointing out that the figures for this year were relatively better than they appeared, the profits having been earned in 52 weeks in comparison with 55 weeks in the previous accounts. The gross profits on trading amounted to £639,277, compared with £571,939 for the previous period, the net profit for the year being £415,692, an increase of £14,327, despite the fact that the whole cost, viz., £30,509, of the new debenture issue had been charged in this year's accounts.

Sir Thomas Lipton then said that the business had shown a very considerable increase, the turnover being some millions sterling ahead of last year, the actual increase being as high as 30 per cent. Owing to the low margin of profit at which the company traded, it was only by reason of the large increase in the turnover that the company had been able to earn the satisfactory profit submitted to the shareholders that day.

Many new branches had been opened during the year, and these had added thousands of new customers to the millions already existing. He anticipated further enlargement of turnover with the removal of restrictive control, and he felt sure that when competitive enterprise was once more possible, there would be a fall in the prices of consumable necessaries. He reminded the shareholders that we in this country were dependent upon foreign sources of supply for many articles of food and that these were adversely affected by the present rates of exchange, pointing out at the same time that we did not to-day have the beneficial effect of the competition which came from Central Europe, Russia, Siberia and the near East, which formerly provided large quantities of food. This left those countries, to which we had of necessity to look for supplies, free to increase their prices abnormally.

He reported steady development of the company's business abroad and satisfactory results from the company's estates in Ceylon.

Dealing with the divisible profit of £238,623, Sir Thomas moved that a final dividend of 7½ per cent. be paid upon the ordinary shares, making the dividend for the year 12½ per cent.

Mr. C. Williamson Milne having replied to questions, the motion for the adoption of the report and accounts, which was seconded by Mr. H. L. Peters, managing director, was carried unanimously.

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Deposits (Dec. 31st, 1919)	371,742,389

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The Week in the City.

(BY OUR CITY EDITOR.)

THURSDAY.

RUMORS that the Government had decided to drop the War Wealth Levy were rife during the early part of the week, but they produced very little effect on markets. Something more than rumor is required to lift the pall of depression, and a definite statement of policy from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, though expected daily, has not been forthcoming up to the moment of writing. In its absence, conditions have remained very much the same as of late, the support of good class fixed-interest-bearing securities being practically the only market feature, though oil shares enjoyed a spurt. Among the foreign exchanges, a relapse of the mark and an improvement in sterling as expressed in dollars have been noteworthy. In the Money Market the end of the month was passed with unusual ease, and on Tuesday the Government disbursed something like £50,000,000 in War Loan dividends, thereby contributing to the plentiness of credit supply. It is to be hoped that an effort will be made by those who receive their share of this dividend distribution to reinvest at least a substantial portion in the new Treasury Bonds, which up to now have evoked a response which is almost ludicrous in its inadequacy. The Revenue and Expenditure return issued on Tuesday night, if rightly understood, preaches the most eloquent sermon possible in favor of supporting Treasury Bonds. Expenditure was heavy and ordinary revenue low, owing to a decline in receipts from sales of war stocks, while Treasury Bill sales, though large, just failed to cover maturities. Thus the Treasury were forced to borrow over £11 millions in the form of Ways and Means Advances, mainly from the Bank of England. This form of borrowing is, as I have often explained on this page, the most potent instrument of inflation. That it should have occurred in an ordinary week, when Treasury Bill rates are high and attractive Treasury Bonds on offer, is profoundly disappointing. But the outlook for the national accounts in the present week is far more disquieting still. The Government, as I have mentioned, have had to find this week something like £50,000,000 to pay out in War Loan dividends. When the next Revenue and Expenditure statement appears, it is to be feared that most of this large sum will be found to have been raised by Ways and Means Advances. Unless dividend receivers at once invest their receipts in Treasury Bonds, commodity prices can hardly fail to be affected by this gross expansion of credit purchasing power.

RUSSIAN STOCKS AND KRASSIN.

A somewhat timid inquiry has begun to spring up for Russian stocks. The reason is obviously provided by the Krassin mission. But the matter is, however, one for cautious thinking. The Krassin mission may, of course, result in the opening up of an important volume of trade and may also lead to concrete results in the direction of establishing peace and a gradual resumption of normal economic relations between Russia and the rest of the world. On the other hand, it may not. In any case, however fruitful in results the mission may be, it cannot immediately put Russia on the straight road again. After the years of utter chaos in finance, production and trade, a long vista of struggling is in prospect even under conditions of stable government, secured peace, and steady recovery. It is very easy to hope for too much. Probably what those who are interested in Russian stocks are thinking about most is the possibility that, if any trade arrangement ever is arrived at with Russia, the Allies, and particularly France, will insist upon a firm guarantee that the immense pre-war obligations of Russia to the foreign investor are not repudiated. The French investor in particular has enormous pre-war investments in Russia. But even on this point it should be remembered that the most definite pledge against repudiation given under present unstable conditions is of doubtful value. For the social and political future in Russia is inscrutable. It is often observed, however, that the Stock Exchange is apt to make the most of any slightly favorable development. It may be, therefore, that any concrete result to the Krassin mission would send Russian stocks up in value. Therefore if one cannot actually advise a speculative purchase in this market, one can at least suggest that holders would be wise

not to attempt to sell out before waiting to see what may come of present negotiations.

ARGENTINE RAILWAYS: PRICES AND TRAFFICS.

Even in the present conditions the weakness of Argentine railway stocks has been conspicuous, though yesterday brought some measure of recovery. The extent of the fall in quotations is shown in the table given below. The collapse in prices during the last week has been due largely to heavy selling from Paris. Below are shown traffics for 47 weeks, the full year's ordinary dividend for 1918-19, the interim dividend for 1919-20, the highest quotations of 1920, and the latest price for the ordinary stocks:—

Name of Line.	Increase in Receipts for 47 weeks to May 22nd, 1920.				Dividends on Ordinary Stocks, 1918-1919.	Interim on Account of 1919-20.	Prices of Ordinary Stocks, Highest 1920 to date.	June 2nd, 1920.
	(G) Gross	(N) Net.	£	%				
Argentine North Eastern	(G) 84,600	...	Nil	...	Nil	38½	28½	
Buenos Ayres & Pacific	(G) 1,683,000	...	2	...	2	77	65	
Buenos Ayres Great Southern	(G) 2,003,000	...	3	...	3	88	75½	
	(N) 1,476,000	...						
Buenos Ayres Western	(G) 1,456,000	...	4	...	3	88½	76½	
	(N) 823,000	...						
Central Argentine	(G) 2,325,700	...	2	...	2½	78	66½	
	(N) 1,870,000	...						
Cordoba Central	(G) 728,000	...	Nil	...	Nil	25½	18	
Ente Rios	(G) 176,300	...	Nil	...	Nil	48½	40	

The decline from the highest quotations of the present year is as marked as is the general experience of large traffic increases for the year now drawing towards its close. Interim dividends in respect of the current year are in most cases as large as or larger than the full dividend for last year. The factor of rising costs must not be underrated when the attempt is made to estimate on what scale the final distributions are like to be. But the market appears to be one where any brightening of the general outlook might be quickly reflected in an upward movement—provided the deluge of sales from France comes to an end.

SOME NEW ISSUES.

The London, Singapore & Java Bank offers for public subscription at par 100,000 "A" shares and 80,000 "B" each of £1 denomination. Essential financial facts are well set out in the prospectus, and in light of them the issue is not unattractive. But, before subscribing, investors should read the speech of the Chairman at the annual general meeting of the Company on May 14th, from which it appears that his views on banking policy, though they have been applied with success up to now, are perhaps a trifle startling in their unorthodoxy. Winterbotham, Strachan & Playne Ltd., woollen and worsted manufacturers, dyers, spinners, &c., issue 200,000 7½ per cent. cumulative participating preference shares of £1 each, and 350,000 ordinary shares of £1 each, both issues being made at par. This Company has been formed as a holding company with the particular purpose of acquiring shares in three cloth manufacturers in the West of England. Profits back to 1913 and a satisfactory statement of assets are given. Each type of share appears to be a reasonable proposition in its class, though fears of the approach of the end of the industrial boom conditions may at the moment work to deter investors from all issues of the industrial type. Austin Reed Ltd., hosiers and outfitters, issue at par 100,000 8 per cent. cumulative preference shares of £1 each. Profit figures are given since 1917 only, and turnover figures since 1913. On the basis of recent profits the issue would be good enough, but can these be maintained when the boom passes? Upon this question a statement of pre-war earnings might have thrown some light. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company offers £900,000 ordinary stock at £110 per cent. and £900,000 6½ per cent. cumulative preference stock at par. Applicants for both classes in equal proportions will receive preference on allotment.

L. J. R.

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